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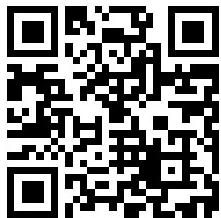


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Cleveland

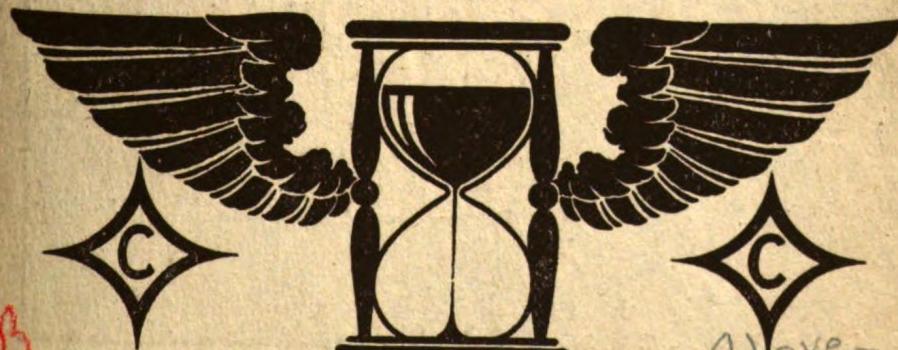
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ASTOR LENOX
PARK FOUNDATION

DRILL CHIPS

13 1917

For JANUARY



Cleve-
VFA c.



DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents per Copy

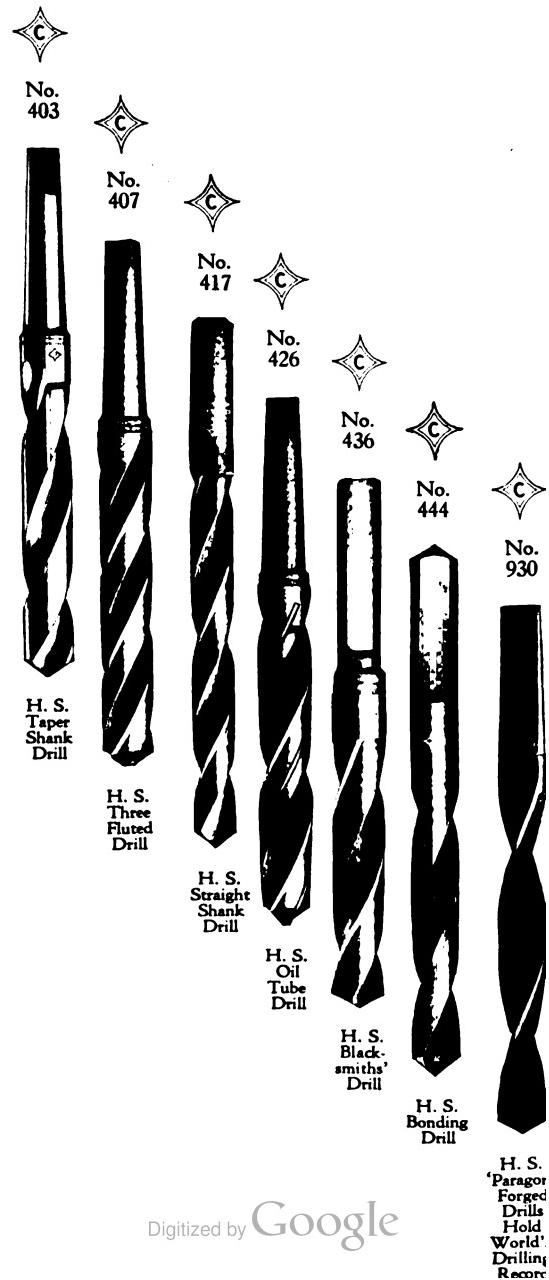
C. H. Henderson, Editor

YELLOW SUFFERERS, consider the Annual Banquet.

This is its favorite season. It is now that it prowls abroad in all its hollow splendor, seeking whom it may devour. And therefore, as a purely prophylactic measure, it is both fitting and timely that we should at this moment consider this thing called "The Annual Banquet."

Its exact origin has been obscured until very recently, and it is with considerable reluctance that we pull the veil of blissful ignorance aside, for our action will be certain to destroy much of your most cherished historical and biblical bric-a-brac.

Annual banquets, be it known, were in full bloom as early as the time of David. Recently deciphered inscriptions on some antiquated sardine cans disclose the astounding fact that David's Goliath was none other than the speaker of the evening at the annual ingathering of the "Ancient Order of Israelites," and David — having





in the meantime, perhaps, fortified his courage by sundry trips to a convenient oasis — seems to have taken some exception to a few statements of Goliath, and forthwith beaned him in the belfry with a handy olive pit, propelled Goliath-ward by the rubber-like consistency of a branch of banquet celery.

Thus you see early in history a protest was registered against the after-dinner speaker and his environs. But none the less, during the intervening years, annual banquets have deceitfully flourished, until today they are a drug on the market. But even so we would not waste words upon them were it not for the fact that they are a *habit-forming* drug. It is because of their peculiar habit-forming proclivities that they are ever and always attended by the same set of people, with the same old collection of banquet-scarred, local dignitaries decorating the speakers' table. You may have wondered why most of those present at an annual banquet look bored. This is best explained when we understand that most of them *are* bored — but miss it? Not on your sweet life.

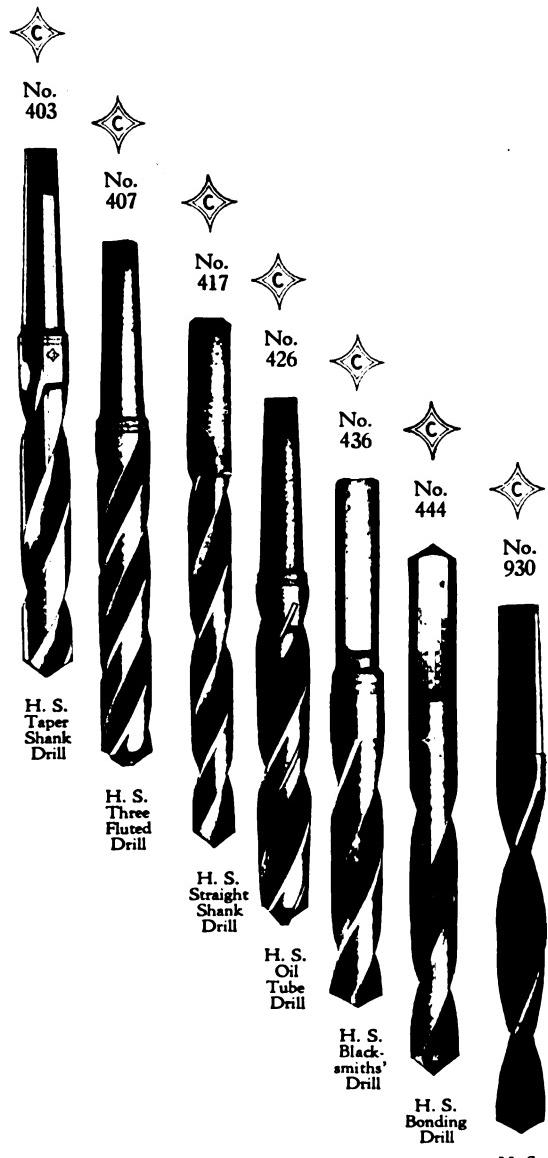
As you enter the hotel parlors for one of these gastronomic catastrophes, the

atmosphere is most appetizing and, in spite of your previous experiences, you blithely relieve yourself of the price of four square meals in exchange for a piece of pasteboard permitting you to enter the arena. Having straightened your tie — the one your sister gave you for Christmas — you waltz into the hall, assuming the correct bored-to-extinction expression, customary on such occasions as the badge of the chronic banqueteer.

Then you select a seat between two people you never saw before and who apparently don't care whether they ever see you again, and wait — usually until your freshly shaven beard begins to take a renewed interest in its surroundings. After this and other signs seem to indicate that the assembled guests will be thankful for anything — raw horse or mule meat included — a big buck nigger distributes cards giving the correct line-up of the evening's plays and players.

As you gaze upon the luscious promises of indigestion and the collection of silver at your plate, you clandestinely let out your belt two notches in preparedness for the fray, meanwhile recalling with grim joy that you missed your *watch your Step!* lunch.

Then the speakers of the evening file in like Mexican greasers leaving for the cemetery. You





survey them coldly, as a farmer appraises a cow. After the speakers come the forty-six past-presidents of the organization; and after the presidents come the waiters, and then

the real work of the evening begins.

In the midst of the ensuing tumult, the chairman bellows out that all are expected to join in singing "It's a Big Night Tonight." His announcement is greeted with a tremendous round of pessimistic silence, but as it is part of the precedent, duly decreed and authorized for such occasions, there is nothing to do but submit. So the orchestra plays it over once, to inspire the combatants to deeds of vocal glory, and then the toastmaster and a hired singer in a full dress suit sing a consumptive duet, while everyone else looks on bristling with silence and ill-concealed disdain.

About this time the chicken is served. Now chicken, as she is served at annual banquets, is one of the unsolved mysteries of the universe. Most barnyard fowl, on occasion, are said to disport such things as legs and wings. But not so the banquet bird—it is a race apart—an unnatural thing, consisting of distantly related portions of mysterious, unnamed anatomy, joined by electric welds and bolts. Surmounting it is a paper plume—the emblem of its invulnerability to date. On the swindle sheet called the menu, it is listed as a "spring chicken,"

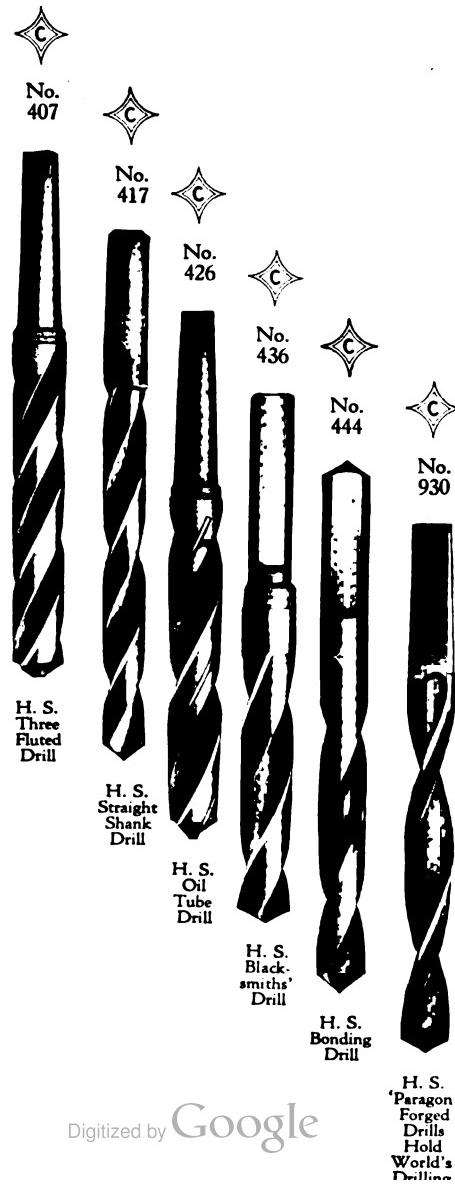
but the *maitre d'hotel* wisely refrains from mentioning whether McKinley or Harrison was president at the time. Throughout this course conversation is limited to grunts and groans, punctured by enthusiastic congratulations as one of the more dexterous banqueteers recovers his cross-sectional serving from the floor in two strokes — which is bogey.

After the chicken has had time to establish its impregnability, it is removed in triumph by the waiters, and sundry gentlemen, of the retiring sort, retire — professedly to remove the marks of the combat from their waistcoats. Later they return with the signs of the combat still with them, but in a measurably more cheerful mood.

At this moment the orchestra recovers from its hibernation behind the palms, and pounds out "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"— to the intense gratification of a jovial gentleman — who has previously found numberless reasons for leaving the feast and, as a result, now feels it incumbent upon himself to lead the singing from the top of a table.

Following the "Hail" the dessert is brought in. Even the rural members recognize this as the finale, and as a result gloom, hunger and disappointment settle down in thick impenetrable folds.

Then the chairman rises and announces a three-minute talk by each of the surviving past-presidents. The first chap





Easy Boss



takes fifteen minutes to tell how they did it in 1864, and his multitudinous successors ape his example for from ten to twenty minutes apiece. When past-president Number 42 struggles to his feet, a fat man, in the rear of the room, collapses in a heap, and sundry athletic ones may be seen crawling unobserved along the floor and headed toward the fire escape.

Every little while this section of the meeting runs into an open switch in the shape of a *deceased* past-president. Then the orchestra plays something reminiscent of black cotton gloves and a suffocating odor of flowers, and everyone rises and gives vent to sincere expressions of sadness arising from every conceivable cause except the decease of the past-president.

This ceremony being duly completed the chairman takes a deep draught out of an empty water glass, gets a firm grip on his loose change, and lets go of an extemporaneous speech he's been practicing before the family for eight weeks. It closes with a brilliant burst of encomiums centering about the Speaker of the Evening. Meanwhile said Speaker looks as though his soul had taken wings, and he was in a fair way to follow suit. But when his name is announced, he rises without assistance and carefully places his watch in front of him. This act, however, has nothing whatever to do with the length of his speech. It is merely customary on such occasions to show that you *have* a watch. After consuming three times the allotted time, he sits down, amid deafening applause — a tribute to the fact that he has finished.

And then the banquet is over. That's all there is to it. The survivors adjourn in a body to one of Childs' nearby restaurants, and replenish their fuel supply there and at other sundry stops between there and the corner. Another annual banquet has become history. Another annual banquet is noted in the minutes as "one of the most successful and enthusiastic meetings of the organization's existence"—and three hundred banqueteers return home — soured on life and hotel cooking, and resolved never to do it again — *until next year.*

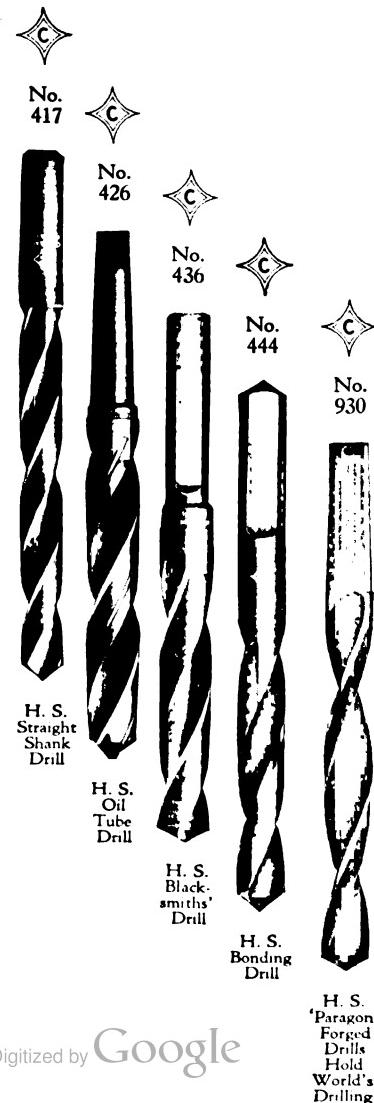
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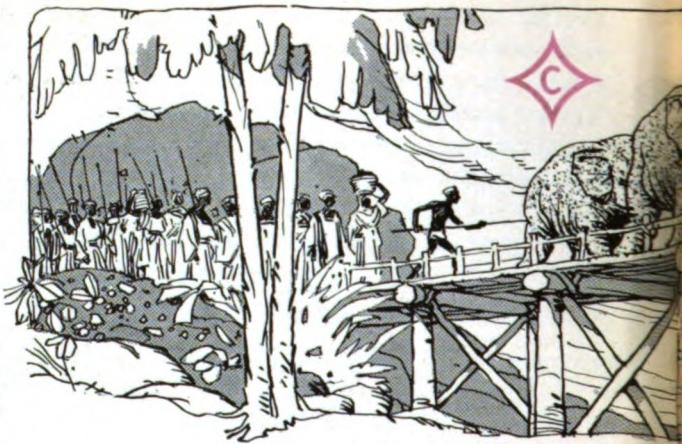
WE ANNOUNCE AN ENTIRELY NEW TOOL

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree out in Salina, Kansas, there was once a blacksmith. History records that he was a good blacksmith and did a rushing business. Everything ran smoothly, with one single exception — about every so often, a set-screw or stud, with an ingrowing disposition, snapped off, and stole two or three hours of his productive time before the broken section could be recovered.

But with this single irritation the years rolled on — as only years know how to roll — until the gasoline buggy began to amuse itself by puncturing holes in the blacksmithing industry of Salina. Day by day the gladsome clang of the hammer became fainter and fainter, while the thud of exploding gasoline became steadily more noticeable.

Our friend — being a man of foresight — saw the writing on the wall, and slipped off his leather apron, to appear in grease and goggles as a full-fledged garage and repair man. In time he became one of the town's foremost exponents of the gasoline route and conducted a thriving business as an all-around machinist.



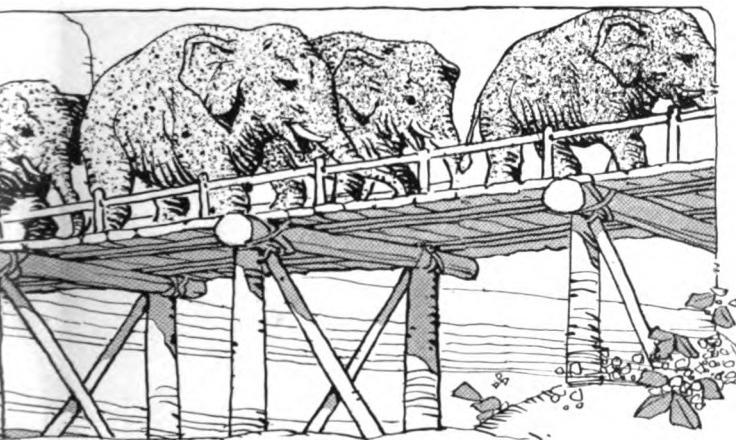


THE C

CHE ANCIENT ARMIES often drove a herd of elephants before them to test the bridges in their path. With instinctive caution these animals tried each step, and where they crossed all men knew the way was safe.

CIn much the same way have we tried and tested the "bridge" that reaches between our present production and that of two years ago —

CEach "beam," each "girder" and "plank" has been sounded for hidden flaw or imperfection.



CROSSING

Flung out before our advancing production is a group of men concerned only with the safety of the way. *Where they have passed we know the bridge is safe.*

And the standards of safety adopted by these men are *not* the same that have protected "Cleveland" Customers for forty-two years past — *they are still more severe, still more exacting and rigid.* That is why today as in the past

**"CLEVELAND" DRILLS WILL DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL**



No.
426



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's

But his troubles were far from past, for always the broken set-screw dogged his footsteps. Indeed, in his new field it dogged him with even greater persistence than before. For a time, he —like every other machinist since the time of Noah—fussed around with the time-honored three-cornered file or punch and such other make-shift tools as he had at hand —and he had plenty. But in spite of all his skill, that sudden, vicious snap of a breaking screw continued to mean from one to three hours of the nastiest sort ofasperating labor.

Finally it happened once too often—the camel's back was broken—and the hero of this tale set himself down in a cool corner to devise a tool that would remove broken screws without likewise moving two or three hours from the face of the clock and a large share of a fellow's chances for the Pearly Gates of the Hereafter. Gradually this tool took form. In its early stages it looked very much like a twist drill on a spree. Sometimes it worked and again it didn't. He knew he had the right idea but it had a "bug" somewhere. So he took the train for Cleveland and turned over to us for development.

A little practical suggestion here and a little more there took out the kinks and polished off the crudities. Gradually it became more practical and sure of operation. All that was three years ago.

Today this tool represents the results of three years' experimentation and test, and now it stands a proven success—ready to give you as the *only tool ever designed for the express purpose of removing broken screws of all kinds*—set-screws, cap-screws, studs, eye-bolts, etc.

This new tool is called The EZY-OUT Screw Extractor, and I promise you it is true to its name.

The principle of its operation is simplicity itself, being much the same as that of the ordinary corkscrew as it bites its way into a cork, secures a purchase and then brings the cork out—but note: EZY-OUT backs the broken screw out of the hole *on its own threads*.

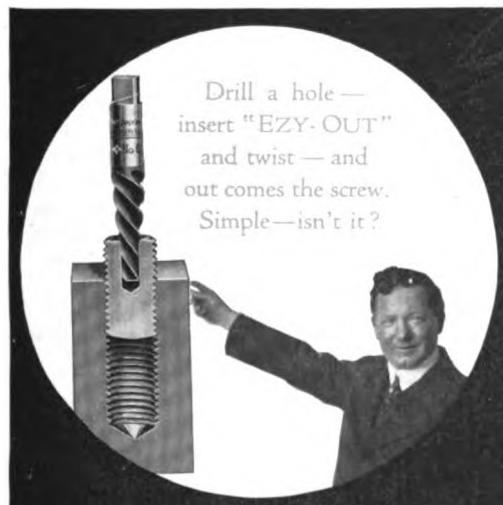
Nowadays when a screw breaks off, don't—*please* don't—paint the surroundings a brilliant, vivid blue, and prepare for a two or three hour session with a file and such makeshift tools. Instead—get EZY-OUT on the job.

First of all, drill a hole in the broken screw—as per attached stereopticon slide, which we rented for this wayside demonstration. Next, insert EZY-OUT in the hole—giving it a slight twist to the left, to seat it firmly. Use a wrench and keep on twisting—EZY-OUT is made to stand the twist—and as you twist, EZY-OUT'S left-hand, corkscrew-like spirals will bite deeper and deeper into the sides of the hole which you drilled in the refractory screw.

The tighter the screw sticks the harder EZY-OUT *grips* and *twists*. Twist a little more—and suddenly, there'll be a squeak—and then a sigh of pure contentment—for that screw will begin to "come"—literally backed out of its hole, on its own threads, just as an unbroken screw is backed out. The whole operation has consumed but a fraction of the time involved by the old-fashioned, back-breaking process, and its accomplishment has in no way endangered the threads of the hole.

We have no desire to gather in the clouds amongst the prophets, but this one guess we'll hazard—before the week is out, either you, yourself, or one of your foremen will wish to Heaven that you had an EZY-OUT Screw Extractor handy. Wouldn't it be better to have one than to *wish* you had one?

We're ready here with a set of three EZY-OUTS—sufficiently varied in size to cover the needs of almost every machine shop,



Cross-sectional view of broken screw showing modern method of removal.



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Blacksmith's
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill

No.
930

packed in a neat wooden box, ready for business. It will actually be money in your pocket to have this set when the need arises, for an EZY-OUT will save you many times its trifling original cost in time, in trouble, and in broken tools.

There's a postal card enclosed in this issue. It's enclosed for a reason — because you owe it to yourself to find out about any tool that will reduce non-productive repair time in your shop. EZY-OUT will do that and more. Therefore, in justice to yourself, mail that card now and be among the first to know how easy it is to remove a broken screw with the EZY-OUT Screw Extractor.

THE AMERICA I KNOW

By a Subject of the British Empire

EING excerpts from letters which passed between an American Citizen and a British Subject. They came into our hands along with a large amount of personal matter which we have eliminated, preserving only such parts as apply to the subject. We reprint this material from a non-partisan standpoint—for its own worth alone, and because it holds the mirror up to us in a way that is surprising—to say the least.

THE FIRST LETTER

Bearing Bad Tidings from Afar

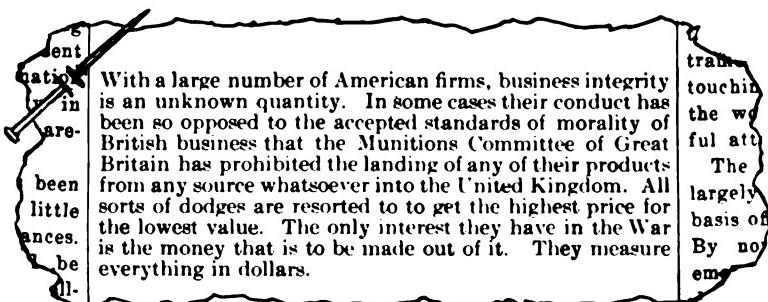
Melbourne

Dear Thomas :—

August 4, 1916

I am enclosing a newspaper clipping which appeared in today's papers. It purports to be from "a prominent business man of this city" and is typical of the sort of misinformation concerning you and your nation now appearing here and elsewhere. Read it and let me know what you think. Sincerely,

(Signed) HORTON HENEANGE



THE SECOND LETTER

In Which a Question is Asked

Cleveland, O.

Dear Heneange:—

Sept. 13, 1916

— — and now regarding that newspaper clipping. It is but another illustration of the fact that my dear old U. S. A. seems to be "getting in Dutch" with practically every other nation on the face of the earth. Our lot in the world war has been, and still is, that of an innocent bystander, and our deserts have been of the character usually accorded such innocent gentlemen since the beginnings of time.

For example — yesterday a salesman from Canada was in to see me. He told me that he had seen little "stickers" — presumably emanating from your country — bearing the astounding legend, "We will buy from anyone except" — and here was printed a list of your nation's enemies, *but at the top of the list in big bold letters of red was the word "YANKEES."* Think of it! I am at a complete loss to understand the whirlwind of dislike and distrust that seems to be centering about us. You have just returned from a long stay in this country and therefore I naturally turn to you as a fair-minded judge who knows us as we *really* are to ask, "Why is this United States calling down upon itself such a huge burden of disfavor among the other nations of the earth? Why are we becoming persona non grata among nations?" The cause is inexplicable to me.

Sincerely, (Signed) WALTER THOMAS

THE THIRD LETTER

In Which One Reason is Presented

Melbourne

Dear Thomas:—

November 3, 1916

You ask me why your country is rapidly acquiring a burden of dislike. I'll tell you — several years ago the American fleet visited us and was accorded a tremendous welcome. There was no hypocrisy about it. Our brotherhood was established and our ideals were mutual. Other fleets have visited us, but none received the cordial treatment which your splendid vessels so well merited. We stood ready to meet you more than half way in any endeavor, and you had our sincere respect and friendship. That was some years ago — in the meantime have you *maintained* this friendship? Have you done anything to further our trust and regard for you, or have you done the reverse?



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's

When Europe plunged herself in war you decided for neutrality, and no right-thinking nation has ever questioned your right to do so. But has your government been watchful of late to see that your attitude is fairly reported and correctly quoted to us and to the world at large? Have your intents and desires been represented to us and your other neighbors as they really are, or have they been misrepresented? It is the latter, I fear, and it is there that your present bad repute finds foundation.

We in common with all nations of whose distrust you complain are separated from you by many, many miles. Our only means of knowledge of you and the basis of all our opinions and criticism of you, is founded solely on newspaper reports of you and your thoughts and actions. And with what have our newspapers furnished us? "With what have our newspapers *been furnished?*" would perhaps be a better way to put it. The clipping I sent you is typical of the sort of misinformation which is being fed us as samples of American thought and action.

I know, as does every man who really knows America, that these reports are infamous lies and grossly aborted statements of poorly supported fact. But by far the vast majority of our people know only the America of the newspapers — not the real, the *true* America that you and I know so well. With that clipping as an example, do you wonder that you seem to merit not alone our ridicule but almost our contempt? You speak of "stickers" promulgating this anti-American propaganda. I have not seen them, but they are not needed, for that sentiment is in the very air we breathe. And the pity of it is that you are the innocent builders of your own ruin. Let me illustrate —

We here know your ex-President Roosevelt only as one of the world's really great men. He stands for a personification of America to us. We honor him and he has our respectful ear at all times. You, however, know him as your "Teddy" and as your Teddy you love him. He has his faults, which you all know full well, and knowing his peculiarities you take his statements at times with what you aptly call "a grain of salt." You interpret his utterances in the spirit of the circumstances. To you he is fast thinking, much talking, quick acting, often hasty "Teddy." But to us he is one of your greatest men, an ex-president and one of the prominent figures in world affairs even to this day. When he arises and tells of the faults and cupidity of your country, you charge off 99 per cent discount to the political exigencies of the moment and 50 per cent more to the temperamental nature of the man. But we accept his word



as law — and do you blame us especially when no one troubles to refute his statements or to explain them in the light of the circumstances which call them forth? Do you expect us — away over here — to discriminate between your "Teddy Roosevelt the Politician" and "The Honorable Theodore Roosevelt the Patriot?"

I have used your "Teddy" only as an example. There are others whom we know only as big men in your affairs and in international politics. We look on them as you look upon our Lloyd George, the French Premier, Kitchener of memory, and others of their cast. They are men whose opinions weigh heavy in the scales of our estimation of you. And many of these same men are now engaged in damning and triple damning your every policy — national and international alike.

You are a nation of advertising men — you are the most thoroughly and prolifically advertised nation in the world. Unfortunately, however, within yourselves you say things which do not look well in the outside print. You advertise your weaknesses to each other and so to the outside world. You discriminate and differentiate between the buncombe and the fact, but we cannot — and because the buncombe makes the better news, we see it, read it and take you at what appears to be your own estimation of yourself.

All this may be a new thought to you. It may seem impossible, and yet how do you judge *our* policies except by what we say of them ourselves. When I was with you last month your newspapers gave great space to the speeches in our Parliament. They were strong speeches — designed for publication, I have no doubt — and they helped the cause of Britain. But under almost the same date line appeared in *our* papers speeches and utterances of *your* premiers which tore you limb from limb, damned your policies and — well, which type of "advertising" does the country the most good? I'll leave it to you to decide.

As to the business side — as to why "a large number of your business men" are supposed to be sadly lacking in morality, I will write you later. But until I tell you what I think on this item, inquire just how much good your own national "publicity" is doing you today. It may open your eyes to one reason why the people of other nations, who know you only from report, are learning to know the wrong America.

Sincerely, (Signed) HORTON HENEANGE

Note — The fourth and final letter, telling why a "prominent citizen" of a foreign land found cause to say that "a large number of American firms are lacking in business integrity," will appear in a forthcoming issue.

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Page Fifteen

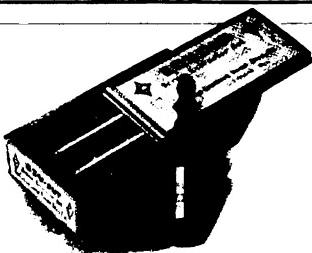


C

No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



EZY-OUT SCREW EXTRACTOR

THREE SIZES IN A SET

A NEW TOOL — and the *only* tool expressly designed for the *quick* and *easy* removal of all kinds of broken screws.

You'll Want It — Because —

EZY-OUT reduces non-productive repair time — it puts it back on the *productive* side of the ledger — it makes it profit-making instead of profit-taking time, and it does it all *quickly* and *easily*. If you missed the story on page seven, read it now — and then — GET ALL THE FACTS.

SEND THE ENCLOSED POSTAL

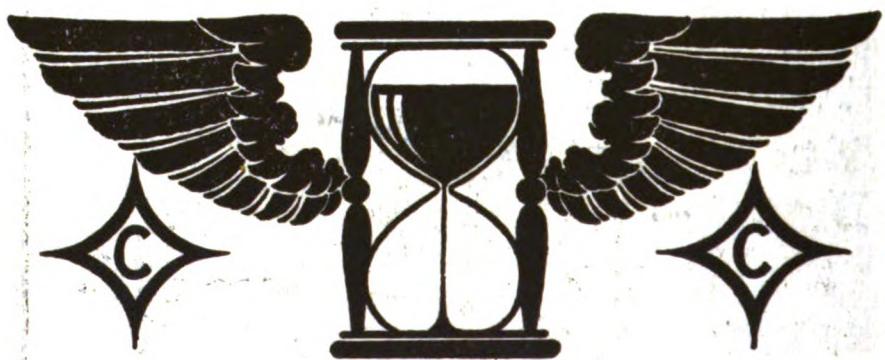
THE
**CLEVELAND ♦ TWIST DRILL
COMPANY**

*First Aid
to Broken*
Set Screws
Cap Screws
Studs
Stay Bolts
Etc.

Stop!!!

**Page 16 is
Back One
Block –
and You
wanted
to mail
that
Postcard**







14

DRILL CHIPS

FEBRUARY 1917



I wish this issue
could be read by
every thoughtful
American business
man.

A. H. Cotes

THE blindness of men
is the most dangerous
effect of their pride; it seems to
nourish and augment it; it
deprives them of knowledge of
remedies which can solace their
miseries and cure their faults.

— LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FEB 8 1917

DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents per Copy

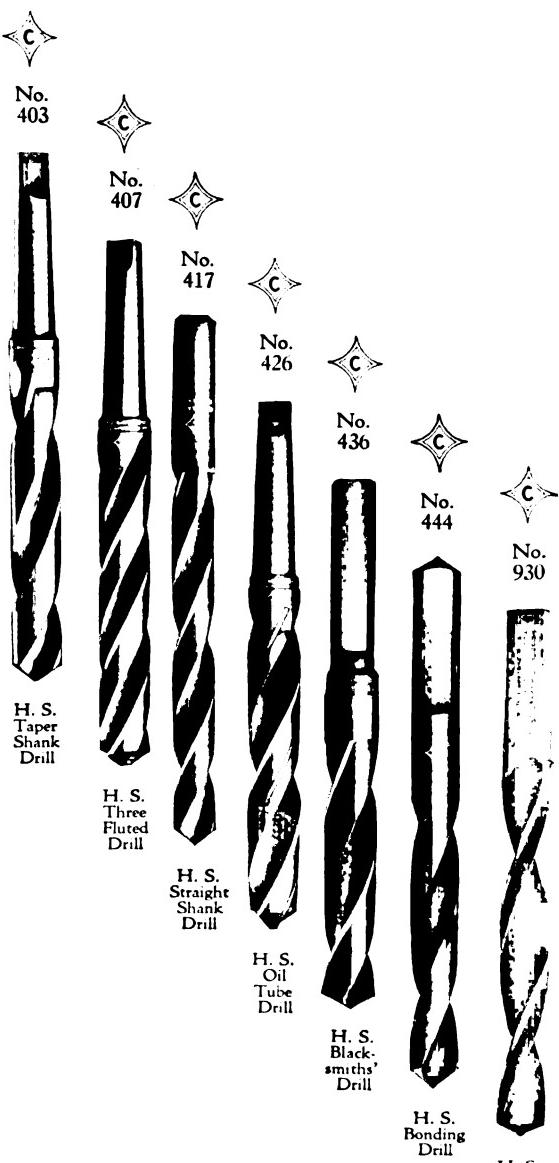
C. H. Henderson, Editor

AN ALARM IN THE NIGHT

IT HAS been our custom in past issues to open the performance with a touch of tabasco—of near-humor designed to slide down easily and stay put without discomfort.

But this month circumstances have arisen which force us to break faith with custom, and to ask your most serious thought on a matter intimately, personally touching the well-being of every American citizen—be he multi-millionaire or office boy in our factory.

You will recall the ancient legend of Frankenstein—that misguided genius who innocently built a half-human monster of cogs and chemicals, which ultimately accomplished his ruin. Gentlemen, we American Business Men are the modern Frankensteins. In our ignorance and innocence we are building up a monster, which will—sooner or later—visit upon us a ruin that will be as far-reaching and





as all-reaching as the well advertised blast of St. Peter's trumpet on the Last Great Day.

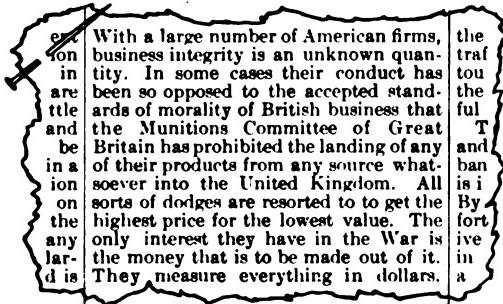
It is not our editorial temper to be pessimistic.

On the contrary, we are optimists by nature and by profession, but we cannot sit idly by, and hide our face from the full meaning of certain tell-tale signs, which have been drifting in upon us, piecemeal, during the past few weeks.

You will, perhaps, remember those letters appearing in our last issue—those letters of Horton Heneange, a British subject? Innocent they were on their face, but they sounded a note of warning. Those letters were *real* letters, from a *real* British subject of no small importance in the industrial world. Horton Heneange is a man thoroughly familiar with the international phases of our business life—he is in a position to feel its pulse, and to count its every heartbeat. *Did you lay proper value upon his astonishing statement, "The anti-American propaganda is in the very air we breathe?"*

That sentence applied—not to far-off Australia alone—but to the European continent as well. You may remember, too, that Heneange enclosed a newspaper

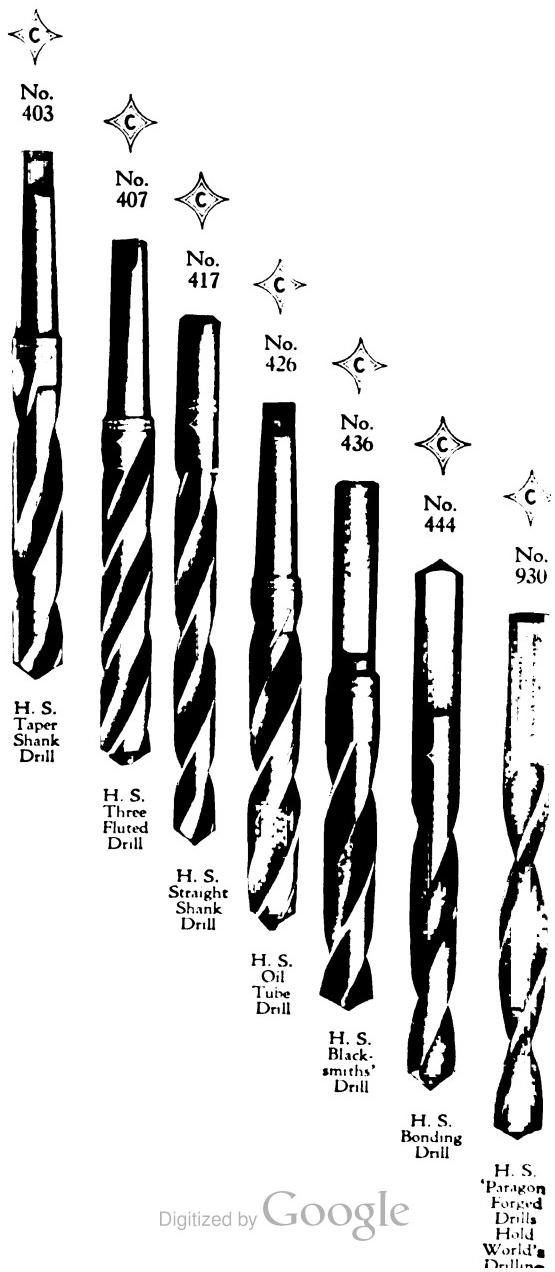
clipping as endorsement of his statement. That clipping is but typical of many such now moulding the world's opinion against this nation and your business —



Who can read that and not feel a shadowy menace reaching forth from it and its fellows — a menace that stretches across the sea, and strikes at the very foundations of our commercial good name?

You will remember, too, that our British friend spoke also of little "stickers," voicing the sentiment — "We will buy from anyone except our nation's enemies and *The Yankees*." Is the force of this publicity to be ignored? Possibly — but is the force that produced it to be ignored? Those stickers, those newspaper testimonials to our national and business integrity — are they *nothing*? Are they only vain scribblings, or have they a deeper meaning?

Horton Heneange called us the "worst advertised nation in the world." One reason



for this he pointed out when he said, "Within yourselves you say things that do not look well in the outside print. You advertise your national weaknesses to each other and so, quite inadvertently, to the outside world. You discriminate between the buncombe and the fact. But we, away off here, can not, and, because the buncombe makes the better news, we see it, read it, and for lack of denial or refutation we accept it as *the only thing there is to say and as your own estimation of yourselves.*"

All this, however, deals only with our national good name. Perhaps it seems far and away from the more selfish interests of you and me. But is it? Can our nation become the butt of ridicule and fall into bad repute, and still continue to support us and our hundred million fellows? Can either a nation or a business exist without the good will, the respect and the confidence of its customers and neighbors? Because your answer must be "No," you will be vitally concerned in the contents of the following — the third letter from Horton Heneange. We shall not attempt to paraphrase it — it tells its own eloquent story of our neglect, our blindness, and our danger:

Melbourne

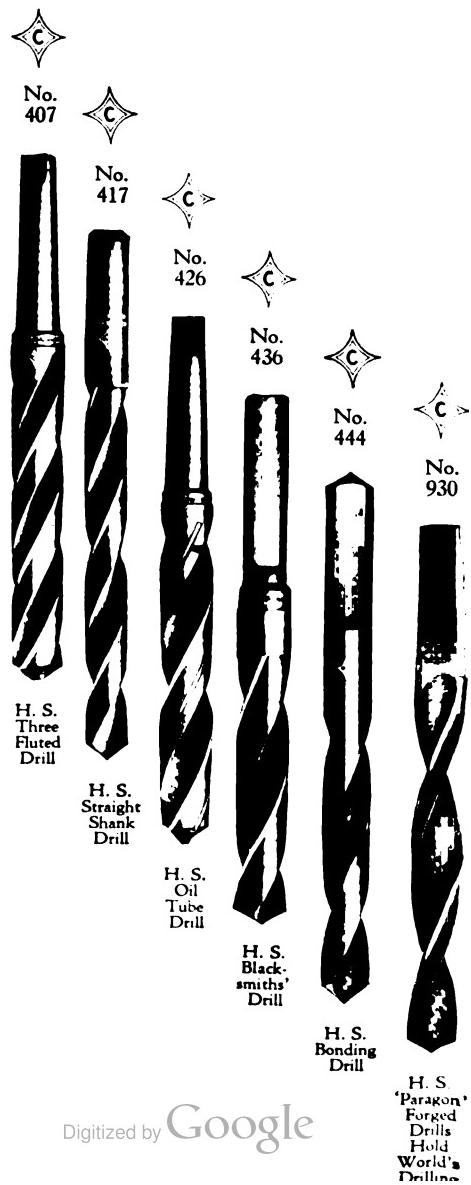
Dear Thomas : —

When I sent you that newspaper clipping a few weeks ago, I rashly promised to explain it. But about the only explanation I can give is that it is a gross exaggeration of the facts — though this in no way lessens its harmful influence upon you and your commerce. Any man who *really* knows the *real* American Business Man will recognize it as a malicious and wanton

falsehood. But let us be charitable and say that the writer of those lines had a very warped view of what constitutes a representative American Business Man. Perhaps he is not to be blamed —

It may come to you as something of a shock to hear that you are all too often represented here and elsewhere by a wholly fraudulent type of American Business Man—by men who are little else than the children of circumstances and certainly not children of America. This is true today as never before. The pity of it is that these men, and their ilk, are threatening your commercial good name—and through no fault of yours other than your failure to estop them at their source. They and the harm they are doing you are the result of your own internal prosperity, of your praiseworthy determination to assume no commercial obligation which you cannot handle and handle properly, and of your *national blindness* — I speak advisedly.

During the past few months, your prosperity and that of your fellow manufacturers has been so unprecedented that you have had neither the time nor the inclination to exploit your goods in foreign lands. You have chosen to care for your domestic trade first, and to let possible foreign trade care for itself as best it may. In so doing you are adopting good business principles. But in the meantime what has happened?—this same foreign trade, that you have been unable to handle—this trade of myself and my fellows—has not *languished*. Far from it—cut off from many normal sources of supply, we have perforce turned to your country for satisfaction. And with what results? Sometimes we have gone begging, but often we have been answered by men who fly the American Flag and palm themselves off as





reputable manufacturers of some consequence in your land.

This is not your fault—but you are nevertheless blamed for their misdeeds. I realize that you—like every other country—are not free from hucksters, sharps and business opportunists. But because I know you as you really are,

I know that you are as free from such as *any* country. Yet, at times like these, it is this regrettable sort that rise to the surface, and to the superficial observer—the uninformed—they appear to dominate the situation and to discolor the business life of *your entire nation*. Like vultures in times of peril, or stress—they appear as if by magic, seeking their prey.

We are the frontiers of your business life, and you are often represented here by true frontier types—the type that in a lesser degree made necessary your Vigilance Committee of the early California days, before the sober, slow-moving element arrived to stabilize law and order.

The past few months have thrown an immense burden upon all your manufacturing facilities—a burden which you were ill prepared to shoulder at its inception. Your old established manufacturers recognized this, and proceeded with caution. But a number of overly enthusiastic or optimistic individuals rushed forward seeking to fill this new and urgent demand, in spite of their little preparation or facilities for doing so—and they overjudged their ability to perform. In the wake of such came those business vultures, of whom I have spoken—men who frequent every country and thrive on its misfortune or unpreparedness for any exigency. Such men had nothing to lose and everything to gain. They were among the first on the ground—arriving long before *your real American Business Man* felt himself capable of assuming the burden. They found a crying demand for goods, which they magnani-

mously agreed to fill — and didn't — with the unfortunate effect that the taint of their action has descended upon your entire race of business men and has drawn liberally upon the bank account of your past good name and fame.

I know, as does any man who *really* knows you, that these business vultures were *not* representative American Business Men — any more than the firebrand speeches of your presidential election are true examples of the inbred patriotism of the speakers. But *for lack of further facts we* — who did not know better — accepted these men as typical examples of the American Business Man. When we were what you call "stung," we were loath to admit our error and rushed into the public print to crucify *all* American Business Men indiscriminately. It is a gross injustice to you — as gross an injustice as it would be to call *us* all murderers, because two murders were committed in this country last week. You have been the victims of poor advertising — *and yet you keep silent!*

American manufacturers have made good in this country, and in every other country. Among us who really know you, you are esteemed for your integrity and reliability. But if you do not want to sacrifice the fruits of your past good works, *it is time for you to arise and make your position very clear.* For the good of your future foreign trade, it would be well to start a propaganda of education to counteract the effects of our present miseducation as to what constitutes the true American Business Man. You need a press agent for your country to tell the world the *right* things — the *real* things — about you. There are far too many people telling the wrong thing, and in the absence of other report the wrong thing is being accepted as the *only* thing there is to tell.

America and Americans must be made to see themselves, not as they are, but as other people are being made to see them. If this picture is not a true one, it is your duty to correct it. It is more than a duty — it is a sacred responsibility. It is time — past time — to prove to the world at large that the Americanism and the ethics of Washington and Lincoln are not dead in your land, but are yet living, breathing things, and safe in the keeping of you and your associates. It is this America —



No.
417



No.
426



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling

Just Drill

WHAT do you do when a set or cap-screw, stud or stay-bolt breaks?

Do you still get a kitful of files and punches and such makeshift tools — and fuss and fume and sweat for an hour or two — or have you an

EZY-OUT SCREW EXTRACTOR SET

When you *have*, just drill a hole, insert the proper size EZY-OUT and twist — and out she comes. Simple, isn't it? *And just as simple as it sounds.*

THE
CLEVELAND TWIST DRILL
COMPANY

NEW YORK

CLEVELAND

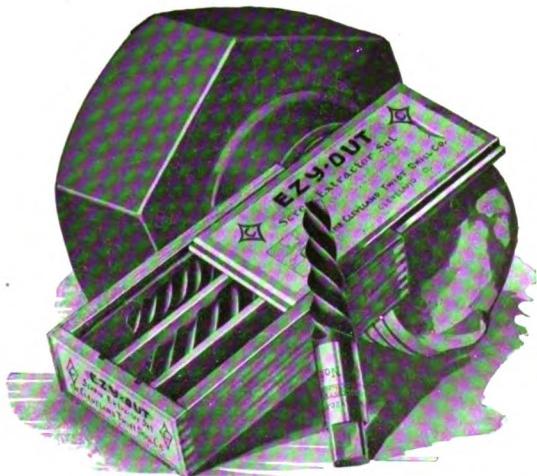
CHICAGO

Hole~Then



Don't you owe it to yourself and to your profit sheet to know of any tool that reduces non-productive repair time?

"The Best Way Out" is an interesting little exposition of the newest thing in profit-saving tools—wouldn't you like a copy?



A broken screw looks big—until you get an EZY-OUT Screw Extractor Set—It's "The Best Way Out"



No.
426



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the America of Washington and Lincoln—that I know—but it is not the America of which I am told when I read my papers or when I talk with many of my countrymen. Too few of us and our nation know the *real*, the true America—and I, an Englishman, say this to you, an American. I say it, because for reason I love and honor your country, your countrymen and the principles for which you stand. I want others—all others—to know America—the

true America—the America that I know. (Signed) HORTON HENEANGE

Gentlemen, the cards are on the table. Are you going to play? Horton Heneange has laid his finger upon an incipient national cancer—and he has done more—he has suggested a cure—a typically American cure. It is now our move.

Let a man raise his tongue against our wives, ourselves or our immediate business, and we invoke the aid of all heaven and the petty courts of man to defend our good name. Then why do we dream along, unprotesting, while leaping up about our business future are flaming tongues of ill repute, slander and ill fame?

Do not we, as Americans and as business men, realize that we must have the trust and confidence of our neighbors? Have we again lulled ourselves into a false sense of security? Have we entirely forgotten that our present production far and away exceeds our own little domestic consumption? Do we forget that we *must* have foreign outlets in the future and that foreign outlets presuppose and absolutely necessitate foreign good will and trust? Have we forgotten all this?

We are not sufficient unto ourselves. Far from it—we are a rich and crippled merchant, peddling our knicknacks in the face of the keenest sort of competition and combination. If we have not the faith and confidence of our customers we have *nothing*.

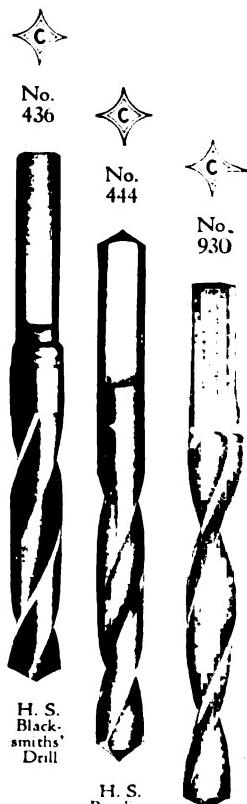
Let me tell you something—something which Horton Heneange did not tell you. As you read these lines, Horton Heneange has in his pockets letters from his friends who have been influenced by this anti-American propaganda. And what do these letters say—"We strongly urge and advise you to drop all American-made goods. They can do you no good and may do you immense harm." Is evil publicity after all without its effect? Publicity of any sort is like a rushing wind, which, 'tis said, not even Princes can govern. Evil publicity, malicious or otherwise, is the most fruitful source of commercial or national disaster. How many of us realize that today, this our country and our business name are receiving the most dangerous of all publicity—and we are doing *absolutely nothing* to hinder or prevent the inevitable disaster which must naturally follow in its course?

And let me tell you something more—Horton Heneange, an Englishman, paid his own expenses to Washington, D. C., to tell them—our overlords—of our national predicament. Heneange had no axe to grind. He is our friend—he knows us as we really are—and because he is our friend he unselfishly undertook to carry his message to Garcia. And what was the result? Washington, gentlemen, patted him on the cheek and laughed behind his back. "Impossible!" said they. "Utterly ridiculous!"

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us!" Heneange brought that power to Washington, and was laughed at for his pains.

His efforts ended there—as well they might under the circumstances. But as to whether his interest, his friendship, his keen insight into the trend of the times, and his intimate knowledge of the facts, have fallen upon totally unfertile ground—that is for us business men of America to answer. Horton Heneange, acting in our behalf, played his cards face up, and those in Washington failed to read their meaning. It is now our turn.

Washington laughed mightily at Heneange, and yet three months later Russia flatly refused to even consider a trade agreement with this country. Washington laughed at Heneange, and the secret wheels of





foreign lands ground out their secret grist. Washington can afford to laugh, perhaps; but can you and I observe these scurrying straws and ignore the wind that drives them? Can we laugh? Can we sit idly by and see the greatest force of all time — Publicity — being turned against us? Heneange himself calls us "a nation of advertising men." And well he might, for we have and control the greatest forces of the world's publicity — forces that have built industries, forces that have transformed industrial preparedness from a bit of pretty imagery to a reality. Publicity is our weapon, we are its masters, its inventors, and it is being used against us.

Hundreds of trade and class papers, thousands of newspapers respected the world over, are lying idly in our storehouse; brains that have built millions from a shoestring through the irresistible force of publicity — all this potential protection against the forces of evil publicity — are at our beck and call; and who calls?

Today humble little "Drill Chips" is the only soul who calls. The pity of it is that we are so inadequate for the message. Many will scoff and say that we, and therefore our words, are of little weight. So be it. But the humbleness of the messenger has nothing to do with the weight of the message. We might remind you of a certain humble silversmith of long ago, who was the only man to see and correctly interpret a wee flash of light in the steeple of Old North Church. Today the name of Paul Revere is known to every school boy and girl from Maine to California.

Horton Heneange has sounded a similar alarm in the night of our ignorance and blindness. Will the business men of this country rise with us and demand an investigation into conditions which have such far-reaching effect upon our commercial and national future, prestige and prosperity?

Once American Business demands the Truth, there will be many hands far stronger than ours who will be only too glad to carry this alarm unto

the uttermost ends of the earth, that the world may be told what constitutes the *real*, the *true* America.

You are a stockholder in this America and in its business future. Will you therefore cast your vote with us, or shall our country continue to slumber on to a rude awakening as a "nation despised—a nation which knows nothing of business integrity or moral standards?"

Gentlemen, we have stated the case. It is now your move. Will you join with us and reinforce these our first feeble efforts, or shall American Business continue to be the butt, the plaything, of its own invention—the Power of Publicity? We are awaiting your answer.

THE LAST OF THE SPECIES

WE ARE clothed in a full suit of humility and embarrassment. True, it is a comparatively cheap form of clothing, but about as comfortable as woolen pajamas on a July afternoon.

The cause of our discomfiture is manifest—we have offended a staunch admirer of a perfectly upright theatrical ticket dispenser who presides behind the window of a certain New York theater.

If you have acquired the disgraceful habit of reading this, our monthly bleat, you may recall that we recently passed a few Irish bouquets in the general direction of the entire tribe of theatrical ticket sellers. Indeed, we stood right up in meetin' and said our little say with no small degree of acidity and asperity. In so doing we trod upon the toes of the last of a dying race—the accommodating ticket chopper. None other than the vice-president of a corporation engaged in giving humanity a close shave has stepped forward and delivered us a bat across the bean in right mellow manner—observe:

"My Dear Crusty:— (You see he knows us by our first name.)

"Your article telling us about the many sins of the little boy behind the bars at the theater office was read and appreciated.

"You really were too much of a pessimist,



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H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling





however, because at the Criterion Theatre in New York a real white man officiates. I telephoned from Montclair, N. J., on Thursday for two seats for the show that night. He told me that it was utterly impossible for him to hold the seats longer than six o'clock. I told him that I was in Montclair, and had to go to Jersey City, and that it was impossible for me to reach the theater before 7:30, but that I would surely be there. He appreciated my position and said he would be only too glad to hold seats for me.

"On arriving at the theater, did he have them? He surely did. He had done more than hold the seats. He told me that since I telephoned there was a cancellation on two better seats, and on receipt of the cancellation he changed my seats for those canceled.

"I am writing you so that the next time you are in New York you will not fail to keep the Criterion on your list, and at least go in and say 'Hello' to this perfectly good animal that I am writing you about."

Well said, Horatio—we will just do that little thing, and if that ticket chopper doesn't fork forth a box seat for his benefactor, he's no lady—that's all I've got to say.

And while we are on the subject, we might as well remind you that it is no longer considered either necessary or nice to act unladylike, when a set or cap-screw snaps off.

All that old-time rumpus—heretofore deemed quite necessary—is now a thing of the ancient past, and with it goes all the makeshift paraphernalia formerly part and parcel of first-aid to broken screws.

On pages 8 and 9 of this issue we again break the news to suffering humanity: There is now a tool—a *real, honest-to-goodness* tool—expressly designed for the quick and easy removal of all sorts of broken screws, stay-bolts, studs, etc.

If, by chance, you are one of the unlucky seven who did not have a postage stamp with which to send us the card enclosed in the last issue, write us today and we will send you the story of the BEST WAY OUT—it tells all about the EZY-OUT Screw Extractor Set and the hours of repartite it will save you.



C · T · D · Immortals

AH HA! what's this we see glaring at us from its immortal niche? Forsooth, Archibald, 'tis none other than the Human Chimney, or Mr. Pollack's Joy and Delight — known, however, to the uninitiated as Fred M. Hoelzle of New York, etc.

Gaze upon that graceful panetela design and its Yankee wrapper, now half hidden by our uproar. Note again that monicker—"Hoelzle." 'Tis the emblem of his craft, being derived from the Sanskrit word meaning, "a maker of holes," and attached to Fred while he was still a mere youth as a prophecy of his future profession. True to his label, Fritz started his meteoric career by locating holes in the outfield with the shank of a hickory tree. Then as he became more expert at the art, he put a tremendous hole in the big

leagues by eloping with the winsome C.T.D. Company, residing at 30 Reade Street, N.Y. C., who realized that his early practice would be invaluable to her patrons.

Ah, I see you wonder why he drapes himself in an atmosphere so melancholy. 'Tis a custom to do so, when posing for a picture—and then, too, Fred is the sort who slips his customers' problems onto his own mighty shoulders, and works with 'em and sits up nights with 'em and feeds 'em hot knock-out drops—the problems, and not the customers, Archibald—until, some morning, he slips into their offices and announces that said problems are no more.

No fanfare of trumpets or clashing of gears heralds the whirring of Fred's mental machinery, but day and night he's on the job—always drilling out solutions to other people's problems. Hence comes that thoughtful look, so rare to the human species, and that touch of silver prematurely frosting his youthful temples.

Hobby? Of course—in the few spare hours he grants himself, he delights in the gentle pastime of waiting for Lake Erie's tide to sweep out (although I tell you this in confidence). Quietly and earnestly he contemplates old Erie's troubled surface, as befits a doer and a thinker, a man who, when known, is worth knowing, and whose quiet, unassuming exterior hides a co-operator and a friend of the first water.

Gentlemen, we are proud to introduce to you one of our foremost Guardians of the Statue of Liberty, Fred M. Hoelzle.



No.
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H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling

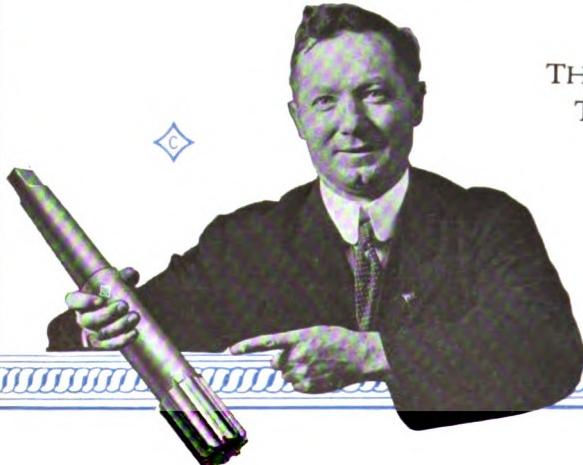
“Everybody Asks Me That”

EVERYBODY asks me how we cut our high speed reaming costs in half—and here's my answer

Peerless HIGH SPEED Reamers

We're getting the same production out of our Peerless Reamers that you're getting out of the very *best* of your high-speed reamers. But, because Peerless uses expensive high-speed steel *only where it counts in the results, our tool-cost is just about half of yours.*

*It's worth investigating at least— we began our saving
when we sent for "Peerless Catalog Number 388"*



THE CLEVELAND
TWIST DRILL
COMPANY

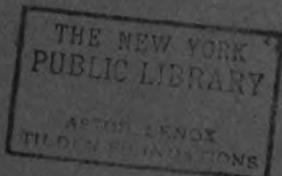
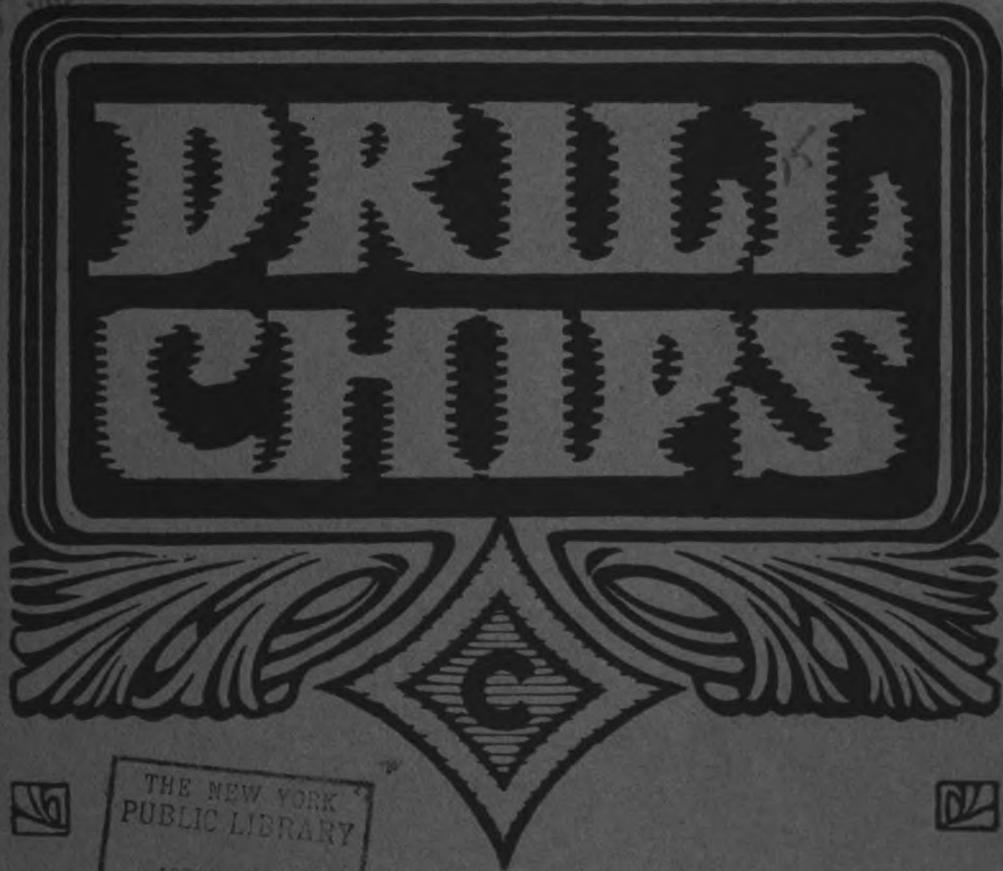
CLEVELAND
New York
Chicago



Have You A Little
EZY- OUT
Screw Extractor Set
In Your Shop

?





Cleveland
VFA



FORMAR

Digitized by Google



I am not a Virginian
—but an American

PATRICK HENRY

The Answer to
Your Question
is on Page Seven.
Ed.

DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*



Ten Cents

per Copy

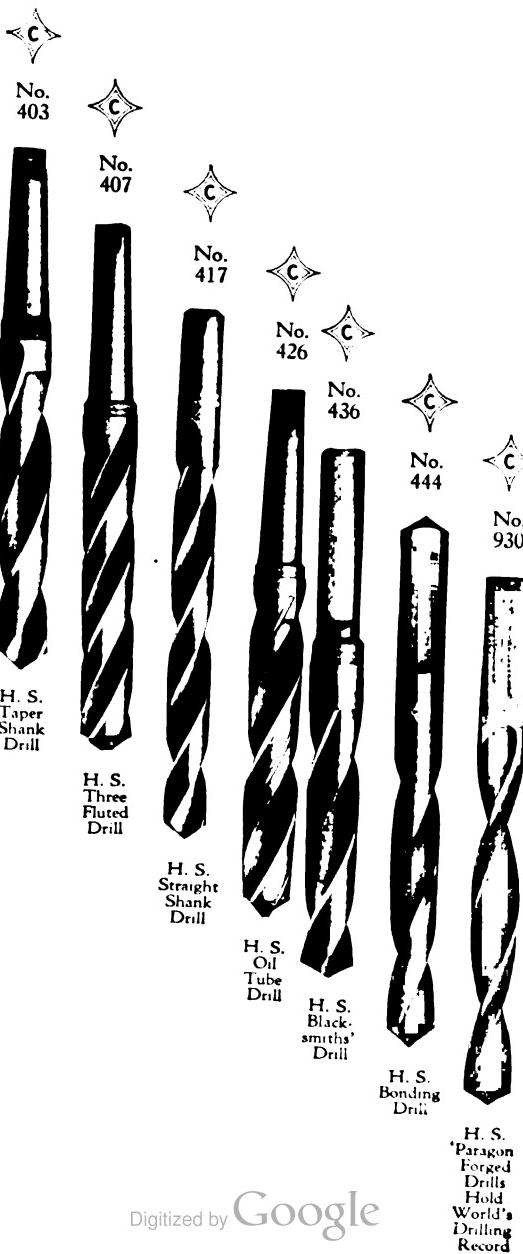
C. H. Henderson, Editor

ALL THOSE IN FAVOR —

WE have a grouch this morning. We admit it because we are not ashamed of it. On the contrary, we take some degree of pride in its full-blown perfection. For understand—this is no ordinary Monday morning peevishness of which we prattle. No, sir, this is a grand, a gala affair, and perfectly justifiable too. Listen—

Of late, certain gentlemen, of hitherto quite untarnished reputation, have been engaged in the most nefarious of pastimes, to wit:— They have knowingly and maliciously enticed our family's pet goat from its accustomed abode under the kitchen sink.

We deem it our duty and privilege as a dyspeptic and distrusted citizen of the fourth ward to avenge our family honor, and to administer a large and flourishing dose of rock salt to the aforementioned



gentry in a locality where 'twill be most appropriate and appreciated.

Therefore, Reginald, sound ye the hunting horn for we chafe to be off —



(Indicating the passage of a few hours.)

And now the deed is done—since last we saw you we have been about our duty. To be specific, we have just returned from murdering eight full-grown men, three harmless-looking but perfidious telephone operators, four office boys, and a large assortment of miscellaneous humans of doubtful pedigree; and still we thirst for gore. Our righteous wrath is yet unappeased.

However, the time for further enjoyment is short. Ere long, the minions of the law will be upon us to haul us off to durance vile amongst the rats and cobwebs of the county jail. But before they come, we will pen a hasty note, as a warning to the young, and a monument, perhaps, to a soul who died for a great and just cause —

Like all such orgies, our bloodshed of the last few hours had but the most innocent of beginnings. 'Twas not the infamous aroma of the brain-numbing

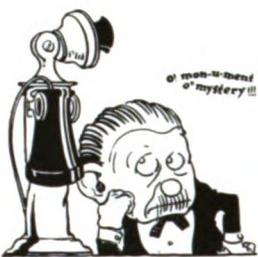
cigarette that led us to the downward path. Neither was it the fiery fumes of alcohol which nerved our hand. We keenly regret that such classics as the unwritten law and temperamental insanity in the family cannot be hauled forth in mitigation of our crimes. But nonetheless we are not wholly without defense. The fact is we have a brand new, unspotted variety of legal artillery, unsullied by previous usage —

Yesterday we were sitting at our desk—it is one of our idiosyncrasies to spend a few hours daily thus. And as we sat, the telephone gave forth a gentle tinkle—innocent in itself, but resplendent with diabolical possibilities.

Having nothing else to do, we lifted the receiver from the hook, gave the usual rehearsal of our name and awe-inspiring title, and awaited results. They were instantaneous —nay more, they were *inspirational*, for an exquisitely feminine voice, encased in the most succulent sweetness, bid us linger there or thereabouts for just "one moment," until her liege lord and master could converse with us.

And why not linger? As we all know, business is very slack nowadays, and besides, the office is so chilly that we sit around all day *hankering* for the chance to warm our left ear against a frigid rubber telephone receiver. Indeed, such a request is a veritable boon to a busy business man — it's as welcome as an insurance agent or a relative out of a job.





Moreover, there are untold possibilities in the telephone receiver—for perhaps the chap who calls us may be the Boss, seeking bail for speeding on Euclid Avenue. Perhaps it's friend wife, sounding the financial S. O. S. from the lacy swamps of some bargain counter. Perhaps—oh joy of joys—perhaps it's some poor misguided fool nursing an unaccountable desire to buy us a meal. Who can tell? It happened once and it might again.

So why not linger "just one moment, please"? If you have any legitimate reason against lingering, now's the time to answer. Very well then, I see you are in harmony with the idea, and will understand why I clung to that telephone receiver like a drowning man to a cake of Ivory soap. The clinging vine has nothing on us when a free meal is in the offing.

And so we hung with one elbow on the desk, dreamy-eyed, in the classic attitude of a cherub, contemplating a particularly comely angel crossing a muddy section of the Milky Way. But in the meantime—nothing happened.

Minutes passed, street cars passed, and ultimately several mouthfuls of beautifully hand-decorated language passed from off our tongue and on to the silent wires. Still nothing happened. Evidently the gentleman who called had reconsidered his wild wish to buy us sus-

tenance! Perhaps the Boss had been pinched without bail! Perhaps our wife needed no financial first aid after all—even the darkest cloud has its silver lining, you know.

Several other livid possibilities presented themselves, and, as we ruminated upon them, more minutes fluttered into eternity, more orders for EZY-OUT Screw Extractors (advt.) piled up before us, and more firm became our resolve to eschew all further conversation with deceitful switchboard Delilahs, and to visit upon a certain gentleman a few brief but very pointed remarks upon a subject of mutual interest.

But the opportunity was spared us, for even as we assembled our vocabulary in preparation for the fray, the line clicked thrice, went dead as a presidential boom, and forthwith all was again quiet along the Potomac. *At that moment our goat walked forth and started on its journey down Main Street.* And yet some folks say animals have no reason!

Gentlemen of the jury, in behalf of this, myself, a murderous individual with the lust for gore still in mine eyes, let me ask you: Is not murder under such conditions wholly and completely justifiable? Is it not too good, too gentle, for the occasion and the crime?

Is a man's time worth so shockingly little in these days of machines that we can permit a human barnacle to glue our ear to a telephone receiver, while he runs down to Ashtabula to visit his wife's mother?



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Might he at least not have the decency to drop us a postal from the boat, to advise us that he does not intend to return until the south side of the 4th of July?

By so doing he would permit us to set the receiver down upon our desk in a glass case, and go out and rent a cot—thus enabling ourselves to await his pleasure with some degree of comfort. Furthermore, with this information on file at the office, we could get out a letter to our trade announcing that on such and such a date our telephone lines would again be open for business—the unfortunate absence of Mr. So-and-So preventing their use *ad interim*.

In fact, any little advance tip of this sort would be of inestimable value to all parties.

Moreover, these gentry, whose praises we now sing, are committing a crime not against *me* alone—or *you*—but against the *whole human race*. They are slowly and deceitfully destroying the beautiful contour of the human head. Look, Watson, at the dome of the habitual office man. As Dr. Blackford has so well pointed out on page 41144 of her admirable book entitled, "How to Read the Message in the Leopard's Spots," one of the ears of the office man is invariably flattened to his pate. The other, however, waves in the breeze, freely—like the wrapper on a Stockyards de Cuba cigar. That flattened, misshapen ear is the telephonic ear. It has become so from much of this waiting for "just one moment please."

Within three generations, unless we have care, this ear will become an integral everlasting part of the human brain box, and thus the glorious symmetry of said crate will become a matter of record only, for preservation in our dime museums—and all, mind you, because of the outrages perpetrated against humanity by the telephonic minuteman.

Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard my plea. I do not ask for clemency or for mitigation of my sentence—as a protector of the human species only do I ask that you dismiss the charge of murder, now laid against me, and that the costs be devoted to a monument to the deceased, depicting a dumb-waiter rampant on a mattress of forget-me-nots.

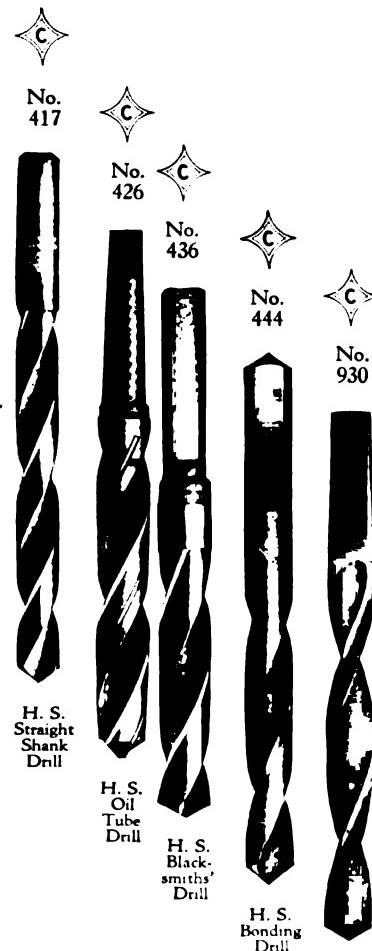
"All those in favor, please say aye."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLOUD

AS these lines slip into the mail, the future is a cloud shot through and through with crimson flashes. No man dare foretell the message of the coming hour. It is a moment of uncertainty and doubt.

These are times that try men's souls, and yet it is well to remember that no matter what that bloodshot cloud may have in store for us, we will pass through it, ultimately, to emerge into the sunlight again; and there we will face conditions not far different from those which beset us today.

In those days to come, men will still live by trade and barter. We and our neighboring nations will still buy where we



ACT

WHEN important work's
screw, stud or staybo
get it only when you'

EZY
out
OUT

Patented 1914

SCREW EXTRACTOR SET

Just drill a hole in the broken section, insert EZY-OUT and twist—and **out comes the broken screw!** No fussing with files and punches—just simple, clean cut, effective work—a great saving of time, tools, trouble and money.

The
Cleveland  Twist Drill
Company

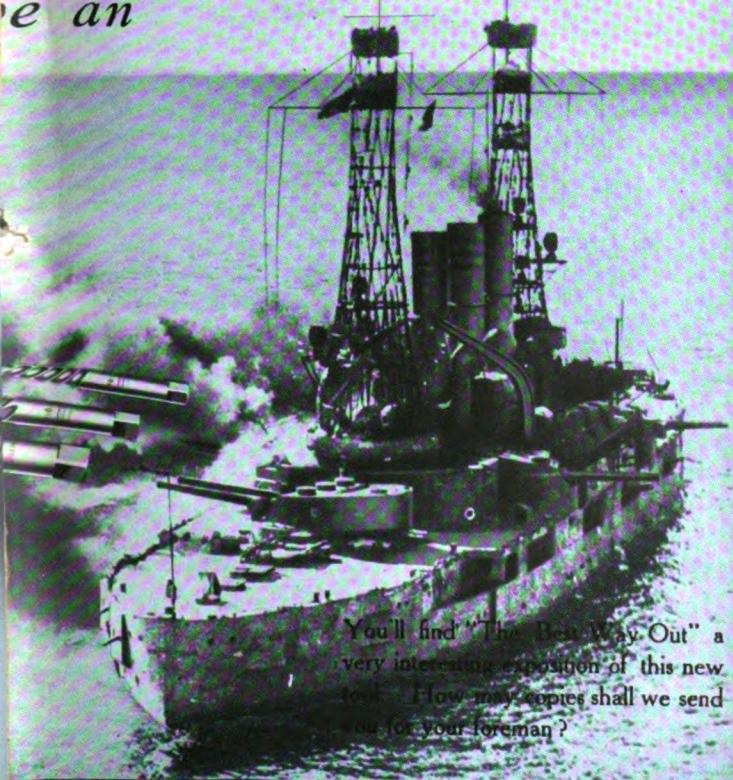
NEW YORK

CLEVELAND

CHICAGO

ION!!

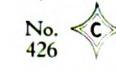
tied up by a broken set or cap-
it, you want *action*—but you
are an



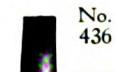
You'll find "The Best Way Out" a
very interesting exposition of this new
method. How many copies shall we send
you for your foreman?



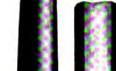
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No. 436



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill

H. S.
Black-
smith's
Drill

H. S.
Bonding
Drill

H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record



can buy easiest and cheapest. The world will still go on—and it will be much the same old world as before. The cataclasm of today is almost forgotten tomorrow—so soon does the past bury its dead.

Of course, in this hour of trial, there is little cheer in this thought. It seems grossly earthy, almost mercenary. Perhaps it is, and yet Europe—shell-torn

as she is—is thinking of those days to come, and she is preparing for them in numberless ways. Her commercial pulse is far from lifeless. Europe, in this day of death, is preparing herself for a bigger and better commercial life.

Perhaps, therefore, it will not be amiss for us to take a leaf from Europe's book of experience and consider the future—even though the roar of cannon be almost in our ears.

Review with us briefly the suggestions made by that Englishman, Horton Heneange, in our last issue. You will remember that Heneange called us "the worst advertised nation in the world." He placed the blame, you may recall, upon our utter failure to properly value the statements made about us in the foreign press. And as the authors of these statements, he took our public men to task—pointing out that their prolific and all-embracing criticism of this country has formed the basis of much of the evil report, concerning us and our business men, now circulating abroad.

An encouraging number of American Business Men have recognized the gravity of the situation and registered their accord with us. Many have asked questions, and to them and their questions, we address this brief reply—

As Heneange pointed out, our problem is to furnish the foreign press with a change of food—something to replace their present diet, consisting of the caustic comments of our premiers—comments which, when stripped of context and surroundings, would

seem to prove conclusively that we are fast going to seed morally, politically and economically.

The surest way to stop these comments flying about from Rome to Rio, is to stop them at their source. Our public men—some of them—are much too quick upon the trigger, when it comes to publicly pilloring our faults. They forget that they are *public* men, that their tirades are *public* property, accepted, in distant parts at least, as gospel from the mouths of prophets.

Think! Is all this destructive criticism necessary? If it is, need it always be flaunted in the public's face to the exclusion of all else? So much good can be said about our country that it seems a pity so little ever appears in print.

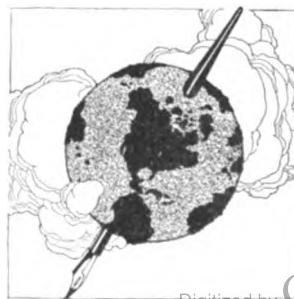
You public men owe a great debt to your nation. Pay it partially by saying so little bad about her that the press of the world will find naught but good in your remarks.

But harm has already been done. The mere removal of the destructive force will not, in itself, regain the lost ground. Other forces must be brought to bear if we are to increase our national stature in the eyes of the world. And of these other forces, one of the greatest for constructive work is the power of publicity. Let us use it.

To this end we suggest that this nation establish what might well be called a "National Bureau of Publicity."

Oh yes, a hoot of derision will go up from some. But you who hoot may well remain to hear. Listen—Wilson, Lansing, Baker, Morgan and all our other premiers deem it time well spent to stop in the day's work and tell the newspaper men of this country the news of the moment.

Publicity is recognized in Washington as a thing to conjure with. We *all* cater to it, pamper it—yet none of us, until this moment, seem to have considered that a similar power is exercised by the press in other lands



No.
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No.
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H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill

H. S.
Bonding
Drill

H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record

as well as ours. We have been blind to the fact that the printed word has been working to our detriment in foreign climes—to our detriment, because we have not troubled to direct its course into other and more favorable channels.

Because of our neglect, foreign newspaper men have skimmed only the succulent scum from off our petty doings, and they have published it broadcast—while thousands of stories that would help America are lying idle, for want of a teller. Bureau would tend to end all this. It would dis- now representing America in the foreign prints, that would make that name stand out in bold,

ever such a Bureau may sound like a fantastic ? We already have its nucleus in our world-wide anch of our international activities is a ready-; needing only a chief with "a nose for news" America resound throughout two hemispheres. its new work, this Bureau would be concerned ifutation of the lying, deceitful reports, now circu-ertia of generations of neglect would first have e real constructive work could begin. But grad- effort, the present stories of petty graft would more worthy subjects. Perhaps it would be the Canal, which would displace the colorful tales of ess. Perhaps it would be the story of our engi- ggle for industrial preparedness, which would Budapest to an admiration for America and a plenty to tell. avorable report upon favorable report, the name ged of its unmerited stain of lynching, murder h again in the foreign prints and foreign mind nent in all branches of the world's endeavors.

All this would not come about immediately. Even Rome, you may remember, was some time in the building. But ultimately *the persistent pressure of favorable report* would root out the unfavorable, and then the snowball of constructive publicity would roll on of its own momentum, gaining size and weight with every foot of progress.

But meanwhile, the ground is lying fallow. The plow is waiting. The world is hungry for news, and is taking only the offscourings of our life, because we have not troubled to furnish it with anything else. But the story is not finished, nor the possibilities exhausted — there is yet another cancer awaiting the scalpel of publicity.

Through the crafty operations of certain business parasites, the name "American manufacturer" has acquired a none too spotless meaning in sundry distant parts. These men have, unfortunately for us, pleased to call themselves "Americans," yet, as Horton Heneange pointed out, they are *not* Americans; neither are they representative of American business morals. They are the negligible minority — though the taint of their actions has descended upon our *entire race* of business men; and we are publicly accused, over the signature of "a prominent business man of Melbourne," of being "totally lacking in business integrity."

It is time that we awoke to the perils of our position, and sought an immediate remedy. Fortunately, this remedy is ready at hand, for here, too, our consular agents should find fruitful field for their activities. In harmony with their other duties, our commercial attaches could exert themselves in smoking out such fraudulent "Americans." Their real identity should not be hidden. The fact that these men are *not* representative Americans, as they claim, should be given due publicity.

Irresponsible exporters, and illegitimate importers of American goods in foreign lands, must be exposed and held up to the light of day for what they really are — confidence men operating behind the mask of American commercial integrity.

Always the foreign purchaser must be taught to discriminate between the tried and proven



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H. S.
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American business man and the counterfeiting parasite who prostitutes the name "American." Always the foreign buyer must be *educated* to the true and the best—educated, we say, through the greatest educational combination in the world—our consular service operating in conjunction with that master schoolmaster—Publicity.

Always we come back to this thing Publicity. And why? Because we believe in fighting fire with fire, because we believe we can best fight the destructive publicity of the past with the constructive publicity of the future. But it is not my fight

alone—it is the fight of all of us. We must join in recognizing the harm our neglect has already done us, and arouse ourselves, our neighbors and our government to the end that the world at large may be told the *true* story of "America," of her Business Men, and their ideals.

While we can all help to bring this thing about, it devolves upon our country's press to carry the burden of the work. They must inaugurate the movement. They must agitate it. They must "sell" it to Congress. It is their duty and their privilege.

The papers of this country have enjoyed free speech for ages past. Many of them have used their freedom to pamper the public's tastes for scandal, mob and murder. No harm, perhaps, in this, if we were still provincials, bound round with forest and water. But we're not, and because we're not, some petty discord in Congress, magnified to suit the public's taste, does not linger in our midst. No sooner is it on our streets, than the trans-Atlantic and Pacific cables sing; an American-made press begins to hum on foreign soil, and again the name "America" is mis-advertised and held up to ridicule in thousands of foreign minds.

True, perhaps our papers are not *directly* to blame for the actions of their foreign correspondents and exchanges. Yet, if I go hunting bear and inadvertently o'ershoot my mark and kill a cow, twelve good men and true are more than likely to forget the merit of my motives, and forthwith I'll pay list plus sixty for beef on hoof.

And likewise, when the Dear Old Public awake to the harm this unrestrained freedom of our press is doing us in foreign parts, they may not be overly particular or charitable in their actions. The axe of public opinion is sometimes slow-moving, but, once loosed, it is oftentimes unreasonable and deadly in its execution. The time may come when this axe will fall upon this cherished freedom of the press, as the most obvious method of removing the source of our difficulties. That time may come, we say, and, if it does, the press will have no one to blame besides themselves.

Public pleasure is much given to sudden convulsions and eruptions. For example, but two years ago compulsory military training was spoken of only in secret, behind barred doors. Today, we're flirting with it in open meeting. Five years ago, the railroads were the butt of public disapproval. Today we coddle them, and apologize for our past displeasure. Yesterday, Prohibition was a jest on every tongue. Today it is upon our every doorsill. Of such fickle stuff is public opinion made. It has its momentary toys and whims. No moss-grown right or privilege is proof against it, and, when it turns its head in your direction, the strongest of you will take to cover. For a time, your influences may delay its course, but ultimately the public will prevail, and then, you of the Fourth Estate, beware !!

Better yet, prepare—in justice to yourself and to the country that gives you unbounded liberty, see to it that she is correctly reported in the columns of your brothers, across the seas. Remember—your duty no longer stops when you give this country the truth. The world is growing smaller day by day. Asia is now in our backyard, and the story you print today is quoted and misquoted in Tokio tomorrow. Your duty and your own best interests therefore unite in the demand that you give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth *to all mankind*.

And henceforth, when you sing exultingly of our foreign trade and its opportunities, consider first how these same foreign fields are being slowly poisoned against the very seed you would have us sow, by the lying, garbled reports and half-reports of our national and business life.

Then you will perceive—even more strongly than do I—the incalculable good that would accrue to

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Page Fifteen

H. S.
'Paragon'
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Drills
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Record

this land of ours from the ministrations of a National Publicity Bureau. It is well within your power to turn this, our dream, into a reality. More than that, it is a rare opportunity to make for yourselves a place in the sun, by reinstating America and Americans firmly in the hearts and confidence of the world.

Once back in our just niche, the power that put us there can keep us there, and our country will become—not “the worst advertised of nations”—but the best known and best advertised nation on the face of the earth.

But do you accept the opportunity and the responsibility it imposes? We shall be interested in your answer.

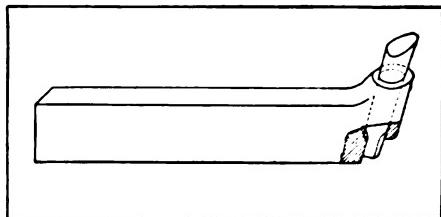
A LITTLE HINTLETTE

WE intended to write a treatise on shop efficiency for this space, but it seems that some chap by the name of Emerson has touched upon the subject heretofore. As we dislike to tread on beaten ground, we'll write on some other unused subject instead — something like the High Cost of Living would be good.

Speaking of the H. C. L. reminds me —We've tried to help matters by modestly suggesting that you use “Peerless” Reamers and “Perfect Double Tang” Sockets. But even when you do use “Perfect Double Tang” Sockets, and have used all your broken tanged drills down to the last half-inch — even *then* you have to throw away their shanks. Of course some folks don't mind throwing away just the shanks. But we're Scotch, and it always hurts—especially when they're high-speed shanks.

This apparent waste has bothered us so much of late, that last week we set to work to make some use of those high-speed shanks. We took one, and, after amputating the stub end of the drill, we hardened it, ground it to form a lathe-tool, and slipped this rejuvenated shank into a tool-holder, made after the fashion of the one illustrated. Then we put it to work—and it worked just as well as any professional lathe-tool you ever saw.

Try it, and then, after you've discovered that it's a fact, maybe you'll take our tip and purchase a set of EZY-OUT Screw Extractors—not that they have anything to do with the subject, but people who use them are so enthusiastic that we are glad to recommend them on the slightest provocation.



All slander must be strangled
at its birth, or time will soon
conspire to make it strong
enough to overcome the Truth

SIR W. DAVENANT

*An additional printing of the
February issue of Drill Chips has
been prepared for those who wish
duplicate copies of that number.*



PR 5 1917

DRILL CHIPS

16



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

APRIL
1917

16

(cleveland)

**“The age of Chivalry has gone;
the age of Humanity has come”**

—CHARLES SUMNER

DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents per Copy

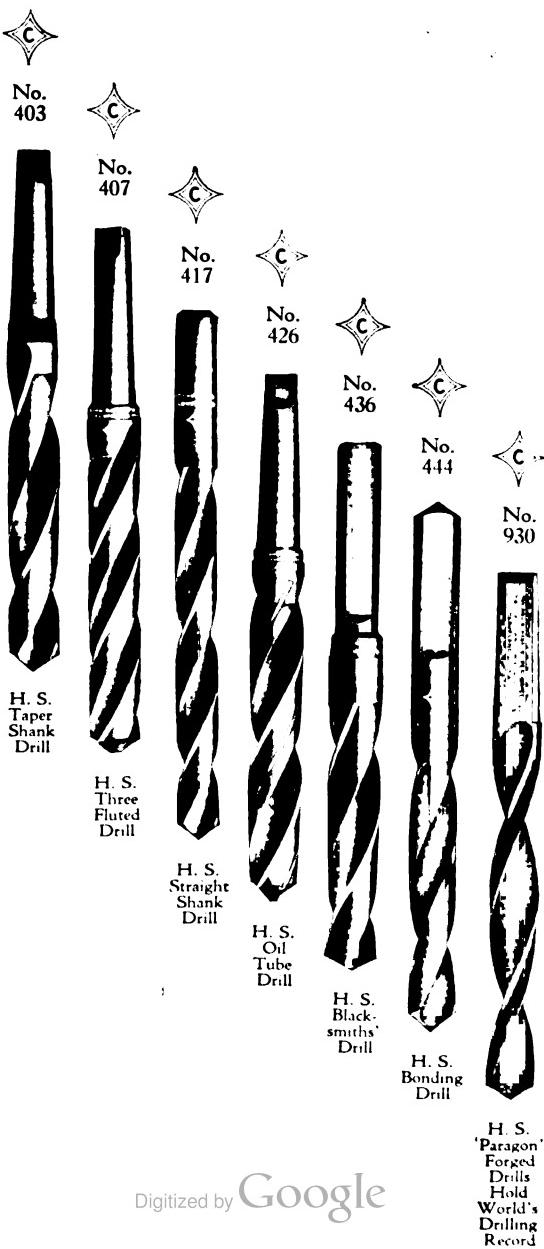
C. H. Henderson, Editor

THE EMPTY SPOT INSIDE

EDITOR'S NOTE — With apologies to the Rochester Advertising Club, whose members bore up bravely while the writer sprung this on them as a mealtime appetizer.

AST Sunday afternoon, our entire editorial staff took the day off and devoted itself to the perusal of a luxuriant supply of popular magazines, which had been gathering both size and dust for weeks. After lingering for a few toothsome eyefuls over the latest photos of Gabby and Eva and the other dervishes, we plunged manfully into the sterner stuff in the rear. Here the usual arid assemblage of articles greeted our glassy optics — articles that told how to live like a lord on ten a week and how to make a full-grown bath tub out of an old tin cup and a rubber cork.

There wasn't much difference between the various sheets — in accordance with custom, about every third magazine had an "inspirational" editorial, over the signature of one of our later-day Business





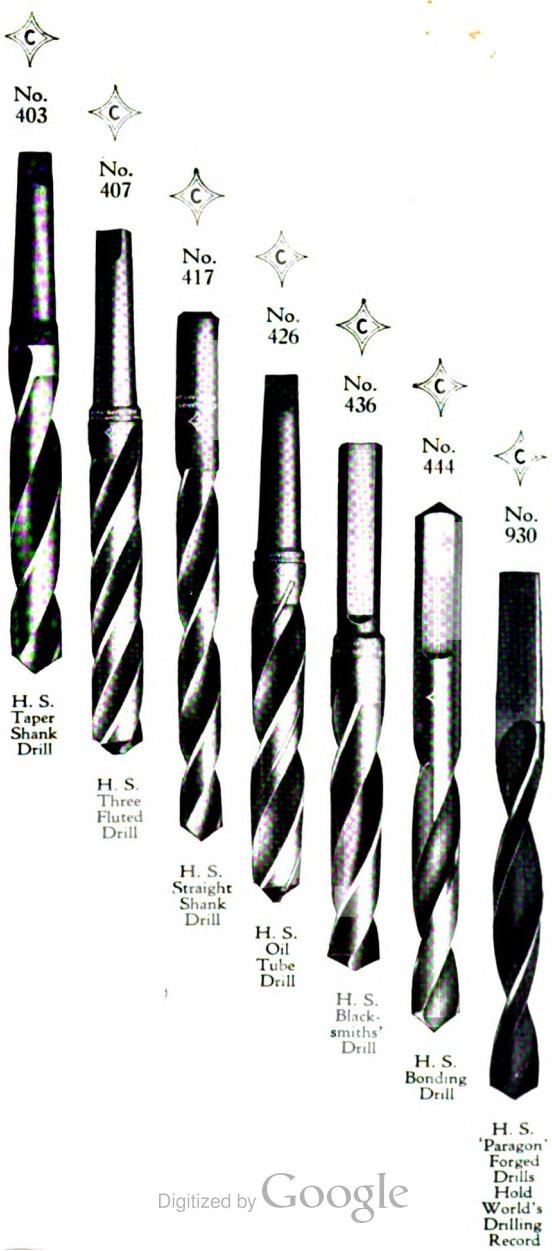
Impresarios, entitled, "How I Account for My Success." Such post-mortems have never held very much attraction for us. As a rule they pass

out a line of guff something after this fashion: "Begin work at six dollars a week — or if you can get less, take it. Be sure to save at least half your salary, and rigidly abstain from all riotous living en route; study hard until two or three o'clock every morning and salt away not less than nine hours' sleep every night; then, if you live to tell the tale, you will someday have a thousand dollars maybe, and after that all will be simple."

That's the usual gruel that Magnates hand out to us seekers after gilded fortune, though one of those retrospective writers of Sunday afternoon *did* have a comparatively *new* alibi for wealth. He was telling of his early days in a machine shop, and how day after day he tapped nuts and tapped nuts, until life dissolved into a burden and a pile of nuts. Ahead, everything seemed dark, and he was thinking of joining the army, when the foreman happened along and said, "Well, sonny, how goes it with you today?" To that little touch of humanity our millionaire friend ascribed

his success in life. "They do it that way in the movies," I can hear you say. Yes, they do, but somehow that little story got a grip on me. I believe if I were gifted with a silver tongue and a large congregation, I would preach a sermon on "Humanity in Business." I would do it for two reasons — in the first place it's a mighty good title, and in the second place, I sometimes think in the rush and immensity of our modern business world we place too small a value upon those little kindnesses that do so much to lubricate the way of Life. Today everything is huge—we think in millions, we buy in thousand lots, and we live and die in infinite numbers. We have tremendous factories employing hundreds and maybe thousands of workmen. They work for us for years and years, but their faces always remain strange to us — they are lost in the crowd.

Our fathers knew each workman by name. But now we number them. There is no crime in numbering a man. The crime is in thinking of him *only as a number* and not as a human being actuated by human motives and impelled by human desires; the only wrong is in considering our employees purely as physical beings, like desks and chairs and wooden things, divorced from all





the finer elements that make us "second to the angels."

I have a little theory — this being a free country, we are all licensed to have as many theories or debts as we can comfortably

carry — I have a little theory that most folks work for something in *addition* to the Saturday night manila envelope. While, of course, in this day of seventy-five cent eggs and onions, we all have an empty gaping pocket which we are laboring to fill, we also have an empty pocket *in our insides*, which we are likewise laboring to fill. Few of us realize with *what* we are trying to fill it, but none the less every mother's son of us works and sweats to fill that empty spot — with a little bit of cheer, of encouragement, of *humanity*; every mother's son of us is tickled to death when the Boss comes along and says, "Well, sonny, how goes it today?" It helps to fill that empty spot, it's that touch of humanity that makes the whole world grin.

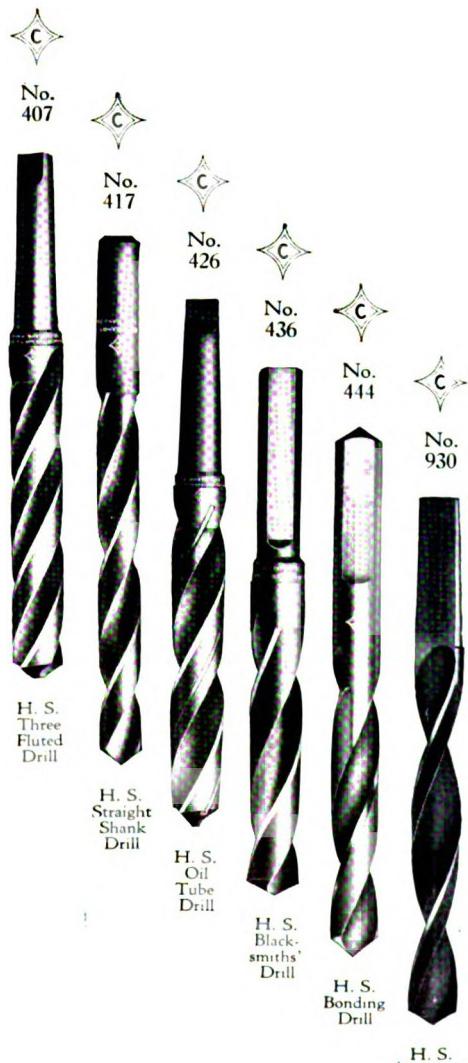
Silly twaddle you say? All right, let's see. You yourself are susceptible to it. You'll remember things that touched your heart long after cold logic has lost its grip, because you treasure sentiment more than all else. Let's take advertising for example — you remember that ad entitled "A Skin You Love to Touch"? Well, that's an example of human interest — of fellow feeling — in advertising. You know

the "Gold Dust Twins," and you remember "Sunny Jim" and "His Master's Voice?" They're all appeals to that vacant spot in your chest reserved for those little human things—those things that appeal to your sentiments, to your humanity.

James Whitcomb Riley died leaving a fortune of some \$200,000. Yet he never appealed to our purse strings. His was always an appeal to the heart strings. We love this man more than all our other more prosaic poets, and we rewarded him richly with the royalties from his works. Riley knew how to touch that little empty spot inside, and it profited him well.

Yes, inside each one of us is a veritable sponge that thirsts for a touch of humanity, looks for it and longs for it and sops it up on sight. Utterly regardless of whether we wear patent leathers or cowhide brogans, we are humans all, and because we are humans, money can buy only our physical beings. It takes another and wholly different sort of exchange to buy our human side, our heart side—and I am far from persuaded that this is the least valuable side to have working for us among our employees.

Once we would have been hooted at as crazy for putting forth such a thought; once some Simon Legree established the maxim "Business is Business" and he built sweatshops, fire-trap tenements and loan-shark offices to prove it. That man has had his day. We are





beginning to vaguely realize that business is not just business—in reality it is human service. We are beginning to see that the human side, the *man* side, of business deserves our best and most vigorous thought. It is slowly dawning upon us that under the new regime the making of money is only the by-product of the making of men. It is its natural consequence. The greatest financiers, the greatest money-makers of our time, have been men who made and developed other men, and they have found it a profitable, and, I've no doubt, a pleasant pastime.

No revolution or social earthquake has brought this about. It is a development, the result of a slow-working evolution in business. Years ago we saw the wisdom of giving our co-workers the best wages compatible with a fair selling price and profit; for years we have striven to improve their physical conditions, to give them more bread and better bread. But now we are gradually recognizing that something more is needed—that man does not live by bread alone; he needs also a bit of that milk of human kindness, of humanity, of human interest, if he is to deliver his best work for us.

If you do not yet believe me, go into the counting-houses and treadmills of industry. There you'll see plump-faced men and women with hungry eyes. They are well fed and well clothed; they are working in a well-ventilated room; their companions are congenial—all the physical factors are there to make them happy and contented. But still they are hungry

—inside, and they are shifting and searching for someone who will say, "Well, sonny, how goes it today?" When they find that man, they will stick to him like a porous plaster, and they will work as never before, because their hearts will be in their work, and the heart knows no union hours.

I happen to know of a case in point—he was a mighty good man, but he was hungry, inside. He worked for one of those machine-like organizations where the ventilation was perfection itself; where the wages were good and the lunch room for employees both sanitary and inexpensive. But something was missing—the spirit of good-will and humanity had been placed in the cornerstone with the first nickel the concern had ever made, and left there.

The Boss held to the belief that "Business was Business" first, last and all the time, and that only the whip-lash of command should be heard between the hours of eight and five. Nobody said "Good morning," and nobody said "Good night." If they did, they were answered by nobody. "Business was Business" and everybody adopted the idea with whole-souled enthusiasm. They got to work at eight o'clock sharp and usually beat the five o'clock whistle by two jumps. Furthermore, they all took an unholy delight in loafing when the Boss's back was turned — "Business was Business" and the whole aim of existence was to give as little as possible and to get that manila pay envelope on Saturday night.

In due course of time this firm found that its costs were climbing skyward—a cut in the



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H. S.
Oil
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Drill



H. S.
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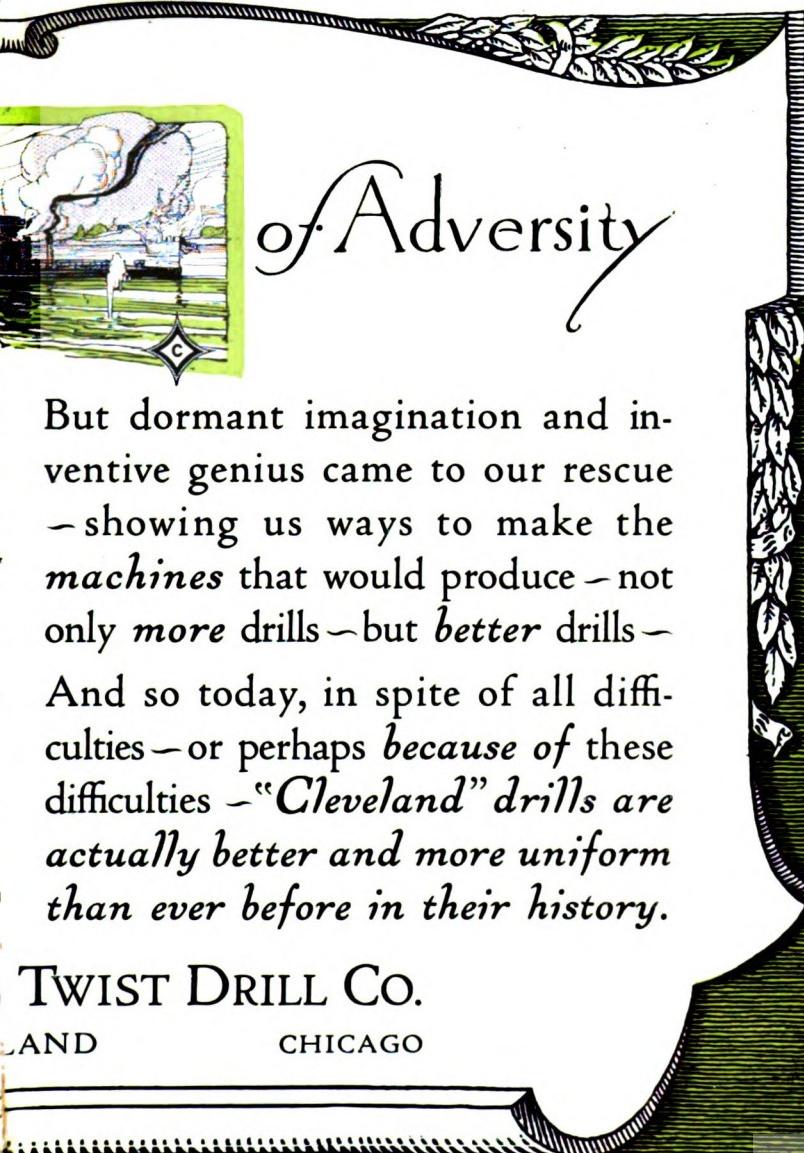
H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record

The Children

THE Monitor, the telephone and the telegraph were all produced at a time of adversity — when the clouds hung low and the difficulties seemed insurmountable.

And likewise, two years ago, when we faced a demand for tools which was eclipsed only by the shortage of men to make them, *our* difficulties seemed insurmountable.

THE CLEVELAND
NEW YORK C

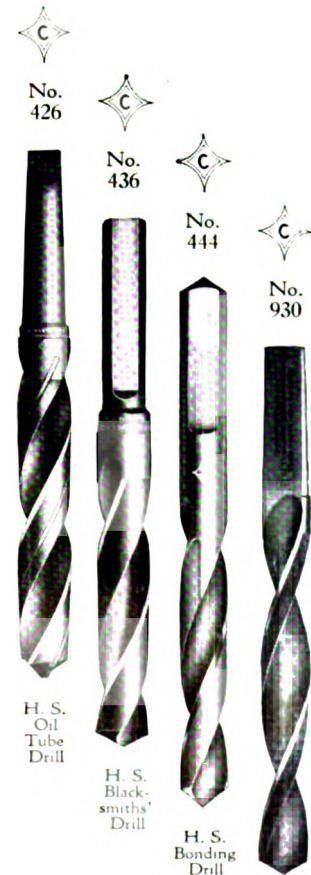


of Adversity

But dormant imagination and inventive genius came to our rescue — showing us ways to make the *machines* that would produce — not only *more* drills — but *better* drills —

And so today, in spite of all difficulties — or perhaps *because of* these difficulties — “*Cleveland*” drills are actually better and more uniform than ever before in their history.

TWIST DRILL CO.
AND CHICAGO





payroll was necessary and our friend got "fired"—plain fired with no frills. He found employment in the ranks of another organization—one where they said "Good morning" to each other as if they meant it. Here his responsibilities were even heavier than in his former position, but he succeeded because the spirit of humanity which filled the air of the new firm bought his heart, his good-will, his human side—with all its added worth. Today this man is doubly valuable to himself and to his firm. The humanity in that business paid.

Because the hugeness of our modern organizations makes humanity the rarer, it is the more valuable and more appreciated. Because we are beginning to know that it pays to be decent, the business world is looking for men who are decent both inside and out. The days of the roaring lion type are on the wane. Today organizations are looking for men who see business not merely as business, but as an admixture of business and humanity. You will find these men to be the sort who know when and how to say, "Well, sonny, how goes it with you today?"

Some of us worry over the fact that it costs from forty to four hundred dollars to fire a man and break in his successor. I am just idealist enough to believe that there will be less firing, when we all realize that money is not the only thing that talks—when we realize that business is *not* just a combination of so many machines, so much money and so many men, but a colossal human thing, subject to all the rules that govern human things. The successes of some of our largest organizations have been built up by those dynamic, enthusiastic, essentially *human* men who transform business into a game, and make their employees members of the home team—not mere strangers in the street, disinterested in the outcome. If you will talk with the employees of such men, you

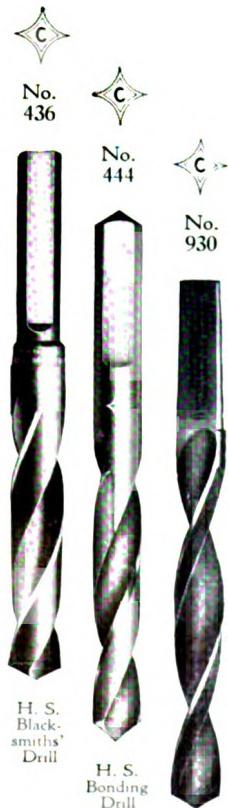
will find them to be men who know the force behind the little phrase, "Well, sonny, how goes it with you today?" They are men who make their co-workers see the twist drill not as a cold metallic product of a huge corporation, but a story in steel and fire which they linger to hear. Overtime becomes but an extra inning gladly given, and the struggle for increased production, a bit of co-operative pinch hitting.

Charles Schwab is such a man. He is a graphic example of the new leader who deals not in machines and money alone, but in human frailties also. His success has its origin in his knowledge of men—not in machines or in money, but in *men*. When he came to Homestead the terrific steel strike had just become history. The men were beaten, bruised and bitter. The machines were rusting and dismantled. Then Schwab came. He went into the mills a little, but he talked with the men much. In six months he had turned the trick. The chimneys—long idle—now belched smoke, five thousand men slaved for "Schwab." They didn't slave alone for that Saturday night pay envelope, mark you. Its content was smaller than before, but into it was slipped a little bit of Schwab's contagious enthusiasm, his man-to-man comradeship, his sympathy with the problems of each employee, and they found it sufficient. From a near-wreck he built up one of the finest steel mills in the country. It is operated by workers who—as the *American Magazine* puts it—"cheer his coming and smile after his going, and honor him at all times with the best their brains and hands can produce."

"They call him 'Charlie' at Homestead; he is 'Charlie' when he goes back there now to visit the 'boys.' Those who were there in the old days he still knows by name, and just how long they have been on the job. When he went down to Homestead to say good-by, after resigning as president of the Carnegie Steel Company, five thousand men turned out in a body to wish him good luck. 'God bless you, Charlie!' 'Here's good luck to you, Charlie!' they shouted."



Digitized by
Page Eleven



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record

"Charlie" did not accomplish this miracle by the crack of the whip. He realized that his was not a problem to be solved by trigonometry, higher algebra or by secret conference. His was a man problem—the same as yours and mine—and he handled it as such.

Schwab has grasped the new gospel of business. He does not preach it, but he practices it magnificently. His men swear by him from the lowliest stake driver to the superintendent of the mills—they are his—body, soul and breeches. More cannot be said of any leader.

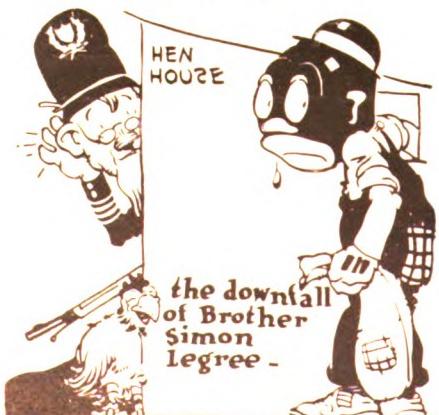
Schwab's success and the success of men like him is but the writing on the wall, heralding the downfall of Brother Simon Legree and all the other taskmasters of history. The next act will be staged by men who know how to get other men to work—not *for* them—but *with* them. There's a difference, and it's all the result of that little empty spot inside. For—

I
When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy
An' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
Fer a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

II
It makes a man feel curious,
It makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart!
You can look up and meet his eyes;
You don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

III
Oh, the world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses—
But a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
Leastways, that is what I say
When a hand is on my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley



Boss—I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Lovum, about your attentions to Miss Sweett during office hours. I engaged you as billing clerk only; no cooing mentioned. That will be all for the present.

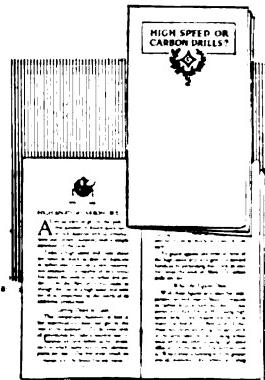
HIGH SPEED OR CARBON?

E, of the C. T. D. Co., feel responsible for more than the mere material merit of our product. Not only is it our ideal to make the best possible tools, but we also desire to see these tools used to the best possible advantage by our customers. Our interest in your purchase does not cease on shipment, but continues throughout the life of the tool. We want the name "Cleveland," when applied to drills and reamers, to stand not only for perfection in tools but for an advisory service *in the use of these tools.*

Of course, we do not wish to suggest when a suggestion is not in order. But our position in the trade often brings us into contact with many novel and interesting uses—and often abuses—of tools, and these we are always glad to pass along at their own worth for the guidance and benefit of our customers.

For instance — of late the increased cost of high-speed tools has fathered many changes in usage — some beneficial to the user and some not so beneficial. From the first this subject interested us, and we forthwith made a close and exact study of the relative merits of carbon and high-speed drills under various conditions. In the course of our wanderings we saw shops insisting on high-speed drills, when carbon drills would have proven more economical. Often the reverse was the case.

The results of this inquiry we have boiled down into very brief but helpful form and issued under the title "High Speed or Carbon Drills?" Of course, this little treatise does not pretend to go into minute detail. Only the general principles of the best usage are outlined, and individual application of these principles is left to the reader's good judgment. Sufficient basic facts are contained in this booklet, however, to enable you to decide accurately the most profitable drill for your shop. When used in conjunction with our booklet "Twist Drills—Their Uses and Abuses," we believe you will have the basis for a scientific and accurate determination of the best practice for your individual needs. If you wish, we'll gladly send both books.



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
Record

HORTON HENEANGE LETTERS

IN BOOK FORM — AND ANOTHER BOOK



E seem to have raised quite a considerable bit of dust with those letters from Horton Heneange, and the running comment on them, which appeared in our issues of January, February and March.

As we pound out these deathless lines, there's a sizable and growing pile of letters on our trusty right hand, contributed by our readers, and filled to overflowing with comment and criticism, pro and con, destructive and constructive.

Everybody didn't agree with Heneange or with our suggestion that the *real* America be given more publicity in foreign parts. But this is a healthy sign — if everyone agreed, the thing would die a natural death. Argument is the basis of all life and liveliness.

By far the preponderance of opinion, however, was enthusiastically favorable. Men intimately acquainted with the conditions outlined by Heneange detonated a thunderous "Amen" to his letters and to our suggestion. From Heneange himself comes the statement, "You've hit the nail squarely on the head. Keep on."

Soon after the publication of his correspondence, our reserve supply of the issues in question waved a fond farewell—and still requests for them are coming in by almost every mail. To satisfy this demand, we have collected this material, re-edited it, and now offer it in booklet form for distribution among men interested in the furtherance of American prestige and American business abroad.

If you or any of your friends are connected with or interested in export trade, you will find this little volume profitable reading. It presents one of our nation's hidden problems in a form you can't escape, and then it goes ahead to solve that problem. Just ask for "An Alarm in the Night," and we'll send it with our compliments and the hope that it will do some degree of good for America and American business.

Which reminds us — as we were laboring over the proof of "An Alarm in the Night" one of our good friends from down East, who was familiar with its

contents, sent us another book of the same aim and ideal. It was a little volume of English parentage — only about an eyeful — but what it lacked in the three dimensions it made up in the hugeness of its thought and possibilities.

Ian Hay, who, we believe, is a Captain in the British Army, is the author of these ninety-one pages of horse-sense, bearing the appropriate title "Getting Together." After you have read "Getting Together," you will have a vastly better understanding of the British attitude toward us, and if, by chance, you happen to be British, you will have an equally clear understanding of the American viewpoint on such vital subjects as the opening of American mails, American intervention, "too proud to fight," and kindred touchy spots in American anatomy.

With amazing clarity, Hay explains the British state of mind on these subjects; then he shifts his seat and explains the American viewpoint, the reason for it, and the justice of it. He does it all so sympathetically and concisely that there can be no room for doubt or misunderstanding of the "other fellow's" attitude — be that "other fellow" American or British.

Into a few brief but tremendously interesting pages, the author has packed the necessary elements of a complete and friendly understanding of all the problems which irritate British-American diplomacy.

As we read and re-read "Getting Together," it seems a pity that more such books could not be written. Call them by any other name and their effect would be just as sweet, for if everyone *really knew* everyone else, wars would not be possible. The clash of arms sounds only when we misinterpret or misunderstand the other fellow's viewpoint. If Captain Hay could be called in prior to a contemplated war and impelled to write a "Getting Together" for the two belligerent nations, the affair would end in a love feast, with dove and laurel a la carte, served hot at the Hotel de Hague.

Every American and every Englishman can well spend a quiet half hour with "Getting Together." Could this be brought about, the roots of English-American harmony would sink another fifty feet into the subsoil of friendship — a friendship based on the rock of complete understanding and respect.

We hope Hay's little preaching will have the wide distribution it so amply deserves. You can get a copy from your bookseller or from the Macmillan Company, at a shockingly modest tax — or, if you're badly bent financially, we will send you "An Alarm in the Night" for nothing but the asking. We wrote one and read the other; therefore we can conscientiously recommend them both.

When This Happens to You~



EZY-OUT
Screw Extractor Set
(Pat. 1914)

HOW long will it take *you* to remove that broken screw — two or three hours *anyway*, won't it? I had her out in *twelve minutes*—because I used an EZY-OUT Screw Extractor.

Send for "THE BEST WAY OUT." It tells all about this interesting time, tool and trouble saver

LEST WE FORGET!

WHO knows what may be slumbering in the background of time? For instance— William Jennings Bryan once said: "No Government is worthy of the name which is not able to protect, from every arm uplifted for its injury, the humblest citizen who lives beneath that flag."



THE NEW YORK
PUBLICATIONS COMPANY
**DILL
CHIPS**

For May





2 H W 189N. L 908a
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The Cleveland Twist Drill Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

*and here's
the story*

Send your preparedness story broadcast. You cannot sow the seed too widely or persistently. Air power is one of the most vital things demanding the country's attention. The entire matter of air preparedness for the United States centers and hinges on a separate, independent department of aeronautics, which shall have nothing but aeronautics to take up its time and attention, with the biggest man that can be found in the country to act as its head. If England and France could create the great air fleets which they now have in two years, under the conditions confronting and afflicting them, we with their experience to guide us and their mistakes to profit by should be able to do it in one year. You and your associates should demand a department of aeronautics with a Goethals at its head, and an air fleet for the United States in one year. The efficiency of our Navy and Army, the protection of our coast and coastal cities, the safety of the Panama Canal, the existence of the Nation itself are involved.

Robert E. Peary.

DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents per Copy

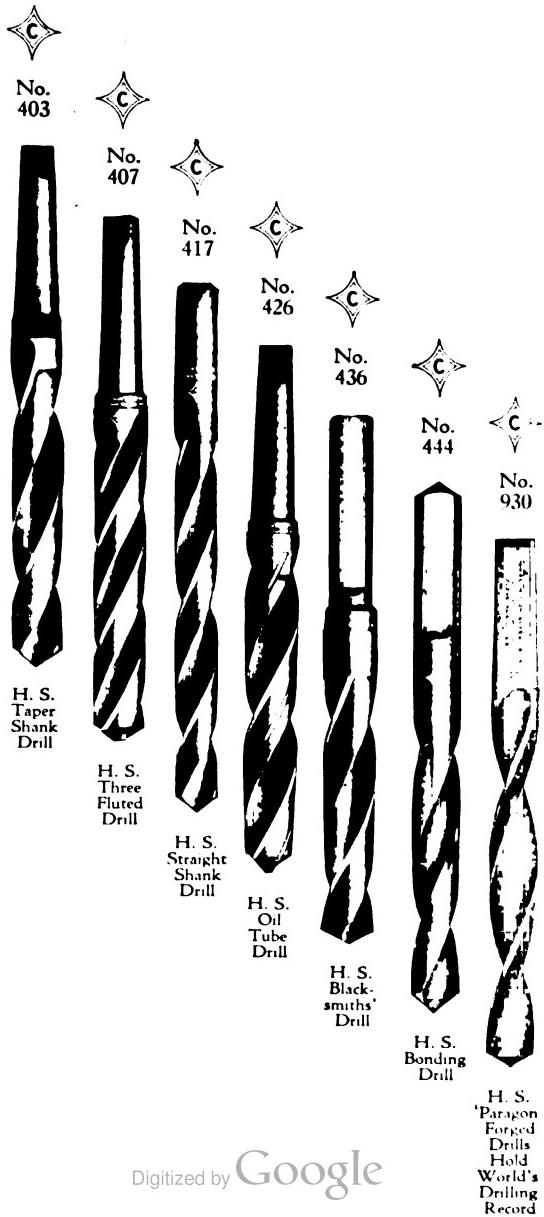
C. H. Henderson, Editor

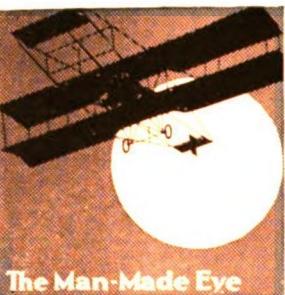
BLIND AMONG THIEVES

I LISTENED to Rear Admiral Peary as he told of our nation's lack of aerial defenses. I was only one of a thousand. Would that I had been one of a hundred million.

A tall, lank, lean, square-shouldered man is Peary—a man of tremendous presence and energy. When he removes his black-rimmed nose-glasses, one would think he were driving a railroad spike. When he gestures, it is a smashing blow. You could readily imagine him planting the flagstaff of Old Glory, at the apex of the earth, with a thrust that struck it clear through to the equator. Behind him and his words stands the authority of a practical student, of a man who talks only when talk is needed, and not, my friends, for the pleasure of the thing.

Today this country has bared its arm for battle. We are retailing no state secrets in pointing out the utter inadequacy of this arm when compared with the trained and





The Man-Made Eye

seasoned forces of Europe. Time, of course, will remedy this deficiency, but it will take more than time to remedy the present pitiful inadequacy of our aerial preparedness—it will take salesmanship, agitation, education, and a lot of them. Our people must be awakened to the terrific necessity of vitalizing this particular department of our offensive and defensive armor, and too great emphasis cannot be put upon the importance of immediate and wholesouled action.

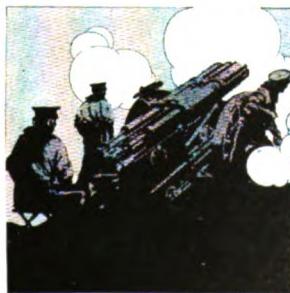
In Napoleon's day, an army was as strong as its kitchen. In the time of Grant, 200 shells per gun were ample ammunition for the march from Atlanta to the sea; but today this number would be shot away in seven minutes' moderate firing by a single French "75." The world moves, and with it move the essential elements of warfare. Today, an army—or a navy for that matter—is as strong or as weak as the eye that guides it, and the eye of the modern fighting machine is no God-made mechanism, but a creation of iron and steel, wood, rubber and gasoline—the aeroplane.

A few short years ago the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk saw "Wright's Folly" tip and

The Cleveland Twist Drill Company

tilt in the breeze. It was the first aeroplane, and it was designed and built and flown on its first flight by an American. Everyone said it was "marvelous," "seemed hardly possible," "of course it was just a freak" and "had no real possibilities either commercial or otherwise." Every by-heck cracker-barrel philosopher paid his respects to it in jest and ridicule. While the Wright brothers skirted the edge of starvation, Europe developed the plane until today little Bulgaria—a pink pimple on the map—has almost three times the number of planes now owned by our country.

We need not insult your intelligence by explaining the use of the aeroplane in modern warfare. The day is gone when a man sees the target at which he shoots. Today the gunner sits in an innocent apple orchard with the gun lanyard in his hand, a book of logarithms in his lap, and a pair of wireless receivers clamped to his ears. The sun is shining and the birds are singing—but six or eight miles away, and one or two miles up in the ether, is a birdman, hovering over the enemy lines. His wireless snaps, the receivers at your ears click out their directions, the gun is tilted, swung, the lanyard pulled,



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No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill

No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
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Record'



and, in a twinkling,
a suspicious-looking
house, five miles
away, is wiped out of
existence. You never
saw the house, you
probably never will
see it, because the
directions of Monsieur Birdman made
it but a memory, hidden
of high explosives.

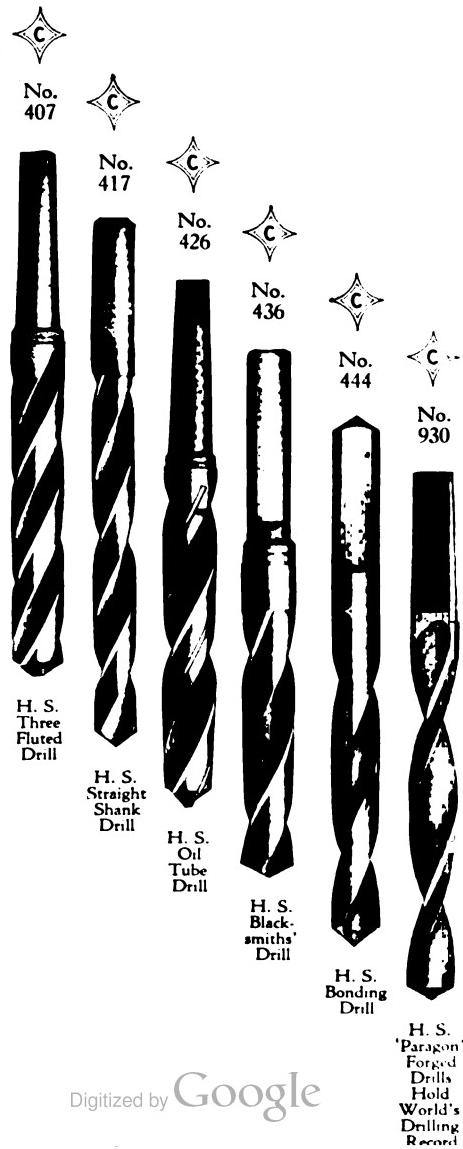
More than that—the aerial scout, swinging to and fro above the enemy lines, makes it almost impossible for that foe to consummate any major movement in secrecy. His every action is forecasted, his strength accurately determined. He lives a hunted life—if his antagonist's planes are in the ascendancy over his.

In the Jutland naval battle, for example, the forces of the air had tremendous influence on the results. They spotted and corrected and guided the shell fire of their parent ships. Without them, in the early morning mists, this accuracy would have been well nigh impossible. Indeed, so important and vital to modern shell fire is the aeroplane that today a gun might almost as well be shell-less as plane-less. The force without aeroplanes, on being attacked by even a much inferior force supplied with planes, is at the same disadvantage as a six-foot blind man beset by a four-foot ruffian possessed of all his senses.

The Cleveland Twist Drill Company

Indeed, the utter and pitiful helplessness of an aeroplaneless force is too well established in fact to need advertisement here. Yet, even though the aeroplane was invented in this country, today France has more men in her aero service than have we in our entire army. Think that over a moment, and then top it off with this—England has more men in her aero service than have we in our entire navy. Germany is believed, on good authority, to have 10,000 planes, and some 18,000 men are waiting to be called from her aero reserves. Yet, with all this wealth of aero service, there is not a single belligerent that is not feverishly striving to increase her aerial preparedness. Need we any better index of the importance of the plane than this?

The foremost experts of Europe are unanimous in their opinion that the air service is more important to successful combat than are the army and navy combined. They affirm that the decision of the present war will be determined by the nation which gains dominancy—not on land, or in or under the sea—but by the nation that gains dominancy in the air. And still we of the United States of America are prone to regard the aeroplane as a pretty plaything, suitable for millionaire sportsmen and dare-devils at county fairs. Read your newspaper headlines, if you wish to gain some vague idea of the tremendous importance of the aeroplane in Europe today. "One





hundred and twenty-two planes destroyed in one month on the western front alone, and on one side only." "Seventy-two air battles in one single day." "Seventy-two planes shot down in a single night." It is roughly, tho fairly accurately, estimated that the Allies have bagged some 1800 planes, and Germany is reckoned to have brought down some 225 or 230 on the western front in one month—and yet the struggle to dominate the air has only just begun. Imagine, then, the proportions it will reach when it breaks in all its fury.

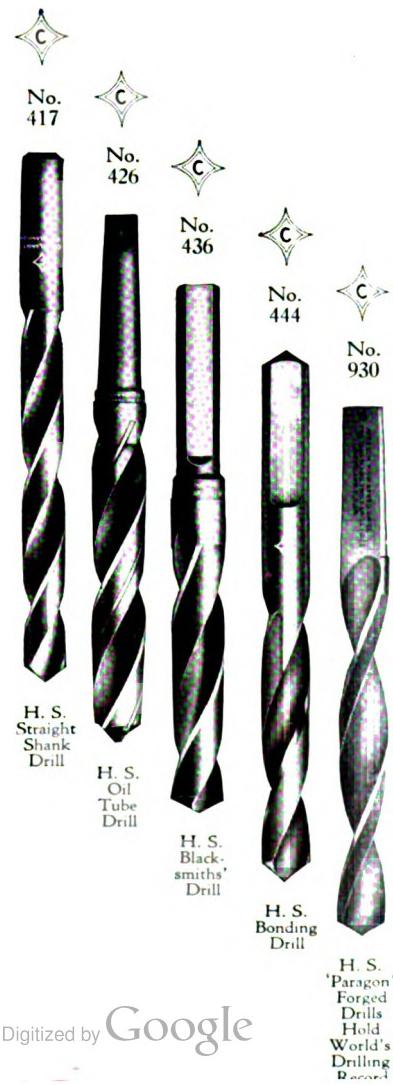
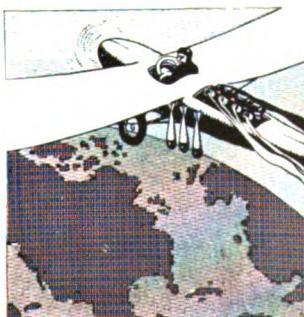
Compare with these figures the disquieting aerial status of our own country. Our navy has fifty-three planes. Our army, gentlemen, boasts of seventy-three, with ninety-six officers, and about six hundred men. *Collier's* tells us that we have less than two hundred trained aviators in the service. Indeed, the entire aero service of the country, mechanics and office boys included, would make but a poor day's shooting abroad. And still we slumber on.

"But oh," exclaims the optimist, "no aeroplane can cross the Atlantic. We are safe. Our coast lines are protected by Mother Nature and her sturdy cohorts." What a comforting thought to think on a dark and stormy night! No, the aeroplane is yet to be invented that will cross the Atlantic, BUT it is a well authenticated fact that Germany today—this minute—has ten submarines fitted to carry

aeroplanes; and submarines, my friend, have been known to cross the Atlantic quite successfully.

Just suppose—it will not be hard—just suppose that five of these aero-laden submarines should thrust their noses out of the water about thirty miles off our coast, and there assemble and loose their planes. Suppose these planes fly due west. They reach Washington, or Baltimore, or New York, in an hour and a half, perhaps less. There they form a neat cordon, a city block or two apart, and drop their tons of high explosive at well calculated and frequent intervals. They fly low enough to make deadly certain of their mark—no anti-aircraft gun barks upward at them. In peace and quiet—except for the noise and turmoil of their own making—they wheel and repeat their flight back and forth across that city, weaving a pathway of destruction in their wake. Every five pounds of that raining high explosive is sufficient to sink a modern torpedo-boat destroyer—to give you some idea of its ravaging power. Then, after fine-tooth-combing Washington, or New York, or Baltimore, or any other of our coastal or near coastal cities, these doughty aeroplanes retrace their steps to the safe haven of the mother submarine, and, as Peary succinctly put it, "if they did n't return it would be through no fault of ours." *We have n't a single anti-aircraft gun mounted for coast defense.*

If submarines displease your fancy, eliminate them, and if you are still inclined to temporize, think over the





Are these Men
out of Tune?

THE CLEVELAND TW

NEW YORK

CLEVE



THE CRY today is for "Production."

Yet there's a small army of engineers in our plant who care nothing for production, whose efforts in fact sometimes actually *curtail* our production.

Are these men out of tune with the times in being concerned only with the *quality of the product?*

We think not, for while you want tools in abundance, we believe you appreciate above all else the value of thoroughly *good* tools.

That's why we tell you of this quiet little group of men—it's because of their efforts that the "*Cleveland*" drills and reamers of today are—if anything—a *little better* than those of yesterday and the day before.

ST DRILL COMPANY
LAND CHICAGO



No.
426



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
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ease with which the Ap reached our shores, and Kronprinz Wilhelm and Prinz Eitel Friedrich. The intimation we had of the proach of these raiders when they poked their nose to Hampton Roads — thi spite of a more or less thorc patrol of our coasts by our n Any one of these vessels c easily carry ten or twelve craft. Suppose they now

ried, instead of commercial cargo, a batch of these aeroplanes with its pendant cargo of sudden death. Grant for the sak argument that the mother ships *were* located and annihilated though they could well stop short of our coast by 200 or miles at no inconvenience to themselves. What would their *hilation* gain us? In the meantime—before we sensed presence—a million times the value of the planes and combined would have been obliterated from our map, and price of our lethargy would be written large in millions and bl

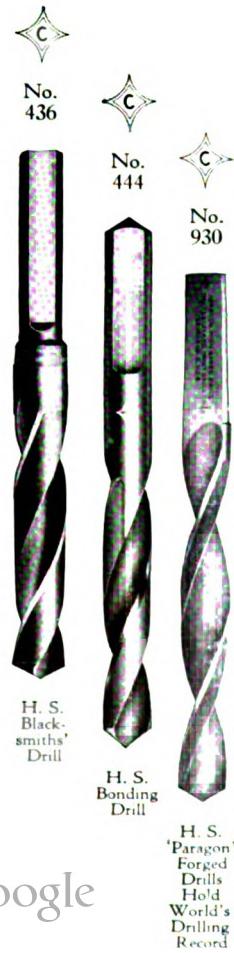
This could happen. Naval forces—ours or anyone else's—v unassisted by adequate aerial cooperation, are but meager protection against just such a calamity. Even as we write these line story of the German sea raider, returning into her home port eluding the entire English navy in the narrow confines of the N Sea, is fresh in our minds. How much more readily could likeness, aero-laden, make monkeys of our navy with our thou mile coast line as her playground? Let us illustrate the inadequacy of a naval force in locating isolated objects on the su of the sea: —

Some time ago Sperry, the inventor, went up in his aeroplane off coast. Engine trouble overtook him and he alighted in the water

no particular inconvenience, since he was driving a hydroplane. All night he drifted — constantly out to sea. At dawn the Navy Department sent out a number of destroyers to look for him, and two or three planes joined in the chase. *The planes were back in forty minutes* and reported his exact location, but at three o'clock that afternoon the destroyers steamed in and reported no trace of Sperry.

We might go on to tell you how Paris, though but some forty miles from the foremost firing line, is almost immune from aeroplane attacks. Paris is policed by aeroplanes, just as your city is policed street by street and block by block by policemen. Microphones placed at frequent intervals about the city catch and magnify the hum of hostile propellers. The angle of approach is determined, and immediately the offending plane is outlined in a million candlepower. London—an unpoliced city as compared with Paris, even though it is many times the distance from the scene of hostilities—has been the recipient of many aero favors from the Kaiser. London, however, *is amply protected, well nigh impregnable, from an aerial standpoint, in comparison with any one of our coastal cities.*

We may have cast a cloud upon your dreamy day. It can be removed. Suppose, as Peary urges, that our coasts were patrolled in hundred-mile beats by aeroplanes equipped with observers, microphones, wireless, and all the other complicated nerves of this new eye of defense. Suppose one of these patrols a few thousand feet up would locate one of those hostile vessels fifty or sixty miles out at sea. To an aeroplane observer, such a vessel would stick out like a swollen thumb. Immediately its wireless would snap the message back to its station—from there to Washington, and from Washington the alarm would be sounded up and down the entire coast line. Dozens of war planes equipped for battle would rise and focus their attentions about the threatened





quarter — (today we have not a gun-equipped plane*). Swift vi equipped with modern high-angle would rush in that direction, and the cataclysm happened its source be beaten down and eliminated.

We can thank the power that g over fools and drunkards that we a now dealing with a nation free to u seas. Otherwise, that nation's equipped with modern aero service : would scrap our proudest battlesh the sheer accuracy of gun and bom

Our navy out of the way, the balance of the story would be too piti think of. And our navy would be certain to go down before ev inferior force, if this inferior force were equipped with only a reas supply of aircraft.

A year ago, almost to the hour, we did our little bit to arou readers to the need for industrial preparedness. Industrial prepared now a well established fact — for which we take no credit. But, gent give us all our industrial preparedness, give us a million trained troops arms, heap on the biggest battle fleet in the world, and we are still blinded earthworm, helpless under the heel of the nation with the eye of warfare — the aeroplane.

Unless, above and before that army of ours, and that navy, superior force of scout and battle planes to beat down and vanqui airmen of the enemy, years of earth and sea preparedness can be out in a single hour.

Perry says that fifty million a year is needed immediately. Last y spent the sum of eighteen million, and this year a similar pittance ha measured out to our air service. We, a nation rich with a hundred r souls' responsibility, flipped a skinny eighteen million to the arm service upon which the success of all our other costly preparedness depend! We are building a racing automobile, but putting a blinded

* Eight reported purchased as we go to press.
Page Twelve

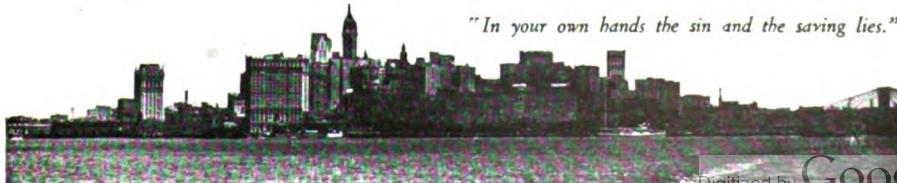
in the seat. The house upon the sands was a good insurance risk compared with the cardboard preparedness house we are now throwing up.

Canada—to our eternal shame—will spend eighty million to our eighteen for aero service this year. Need we say more? We hope not—instead let us each write to our Congressman and Representatives and tell them that we want preparedness by all means, but not a feeble and effeminated preparedness, rendered waste and impotent, because of faulty aero service. Our aero service must be complete, and able to compete with the best, or it will be valueless. It must have as its chief a man who does not wait until tomorrow to see what will happen today. He must have fearlessness, vision, imagination and determination. Peary suggested two men—Roosevelt and Goethals. It matters little—they are a type of which we have all too few—but this chief must be fully capable of giving this country in a year what it has needed for many years—an *aero industry* protected from physical and financial attacks alike—and an aero service with thousands of aero chauffeurs in reserve—a seaboard patrol—in short an aero service worthy of the name, as an insurance that our army and our battleships, our cities and our people, may not be made the jest of those vampires of the air who carry half a ton of hell in their shells, and are actually capable of distributing it neatly and accurately today from Maine to Florida, and on around to Portland, Oregon.

Are we going to develop an efficient fighting machine, gentlemen, complete in all its parts, and let it loose to stagger *blind* before the foe, or are we—we arm-chair fighting men—are we going to do our bit to protect this country, by forcing a dilatory Government to protect the men we send to do our fighting for us, by giving these men an air service second to none in the world?

The answer is in your hands, my friends—and your failure to answer sharply may place blood upon your heads.

"In your own hands the sin and the saving lies."



No.
444



No.
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H. S.
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Record

POST-BELLUM ANTIDOTES

AFTER infinite toil we have established the astounding fact that the world is made up of a great many different types of people. With modesty, Watson, we acknowledge your applause at this keen deduction—yet it is *wrong*. We must go a step farther and become stepfather to the assertion that the world is made up of only *two* kinds of folk. To be specific—first (turn down your thumbs here, please), there are the “Powderists,” and second (the index finger, if you will), the “Puttyists.” There we have it, children—first the “Powderists” and second the “Puttyists.” Isn’t that simple? But let us get better acquainted with these gentlemen —

The Powderists are the explosive, the dynamic type. They’re the enthusiasts. They’re chock full of energy, of vitalism. They’re always discovering *new* things, *new* worlds, and *new* wonders. They radiate discovery, and they relay their discoveries and their enthusiasms on and on to all their neighbors. They’re the parents of the phrase “Pass it along—it’s a good thing,” and they live their creed superbly.

And then there are the Puttyists. They are the stoics. They are the plastic, the unimaginative individuals. They are enthusiastic—like a barber in a safety-razor plant. They receive impressions, it is said, but are either too soft, too spongy or too absorptive to do aught but *receive* them. They never pass them on. Sometimes they may hold an impression for as much as a minute—sometimes not so long. They can or will do nothing either to foster a reputation or kindle an enthusiasm. They are like a corpulent gentleman in a theater seat—massive, passive, and inactive.

Were this a world of Puttyists, a sad place ’t would be. It is to the Powderists, gentlemen, that you and I and all we manufacturers owe our existence from day to day. They are the passionate minority that actuate the passive majority. They are the ones who continually discover and rediscover in our products new wonders and new causes for enthusiasm. They carry our business life upon the shoulders of their enthusiasm. They are the ones who maintain our reputations from year to year and from generation to generation. They are among the blessed who surround us with a contagious halo of enthusiasm, by the light of which the passive Puttyist lives and moves and has his being.

Now side-track these two sorts of folk while we spin you a little yarn —

Printer's Ink — a scandal sheet amongst us advertising men — tells of a certain German manufacturer of cutlery, who had given his three sons to the war, and closed his plant for lack of operators. For many months this plant stood idle. Recently, however, the Government came to the owner and said, "If you will reopen your establishment, we will furnish you with cripples to operate the machines." "But," said the German, "my sons — especially my son Fritz — really ran that plant. I had little to do with it." Three days later Fritz appeared, with instructions from the Government to forget the smell of powder and to run that plant for all that was in him. This he did, receiving from the Imperial Government sufficient funds for operating expenses and a receipt for all the cutlery manufactured. *This cutlery is being stored in a warehouse subject to disposal at the end of the Great Tragedy.*

This is related as a true story and a horrible example of what we may expect sometime between tomorrow and a century hence. Warehouse on warehouse filled with material for dumping — some place. It will all be material manufactured at minimum cost, and, when it is thrown upon the market, may some kind Providence or a protective tariff guard that market! As to *what particular market* will suffer — whether our own or someone else's — we cannot say. But we have our suspicions, not to mention a trunk full of dire and dark forebodings.

But enough of that — now whisk your mental telescope toward those Powderists of whom we spoke a little ways back. If we are to be the dumping ground for nations when *pax robiscum* is written at the Hague, it is to these selfsame Powderists that we manufacturers must look for sustenance and some modicum of prosperity. These oft neglected Powderists will be the ones to save us from a wretched ruin at the hands of price competition. It will be their contagious enthusiasm that will make our markets see the merit of our goods and not the little price of the imported and "dumped" variety.



The Cleveland Twist Drill Company



Are we, therefore, going to forget these Powderists in this time of prosperity? Are we going to fail to furnish them with the very material which will prove our preserver in time of trouble? Far be it from such. We hold no brief for advertising (except that we keep ourselves in pipe tobacco thereby), but we have a feeling running wild throughout all our bones that the chap who fails to advertise now will find himself forgotten when the Great War's aftermath is upon us. Therefore we say, *Advertise!*

Advertise—stamp your trademark and your good name upon the buoyant memories of these Powderists. Help their latent enthusiasm to burn and blaze, until no mere price competition can stamp out their radiant impressions of your goodness. Feed the flames of their devotion. It is these Powderists—these enthusiasts—who will form the bridge that will carry the steady and consistent advertiser over that chasm, which may gap after the national convulsion has solidified into a stern commercial battle for world supremacy.

Now—today—is the time to serve as we have never served before. Now is the moment to erect an enduring monument of good-will that will flash its message to our customers not only today—in the sunlight of prosperity—but in the night season as well—if perchance there is to be a night season. Now is the moment to fan those Powderists to a white heat of enthusiasm for us and our goods, that the shadow of coming events may not cool their ardor nor dull their memory of our real superiority. Strengthen their belief in us, that their shoulders may be strong enough and the momentum of their enthusiasm great enough to carry us over and beyond any trifling “depressions” in the pathway of the next few years.

The way to do it is to advertise—by word, yes, but better yet by deed and by that sincere and earnest service upon which no money value can be set. The Puttyist will forget us no matter what we do. But the Powderist—God bless him—will feed his enthusiasm of tomorrow upon our advertising of today, and therefore we say again, “Remember the Powderist—for he is our strength in time of trouble.”

NOTE—“Getting Together,” by Ian Hay, mention of which was made in our last issue, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

THERE were prophets
in those days and they
said—"A bird of the air
shall carry the voice, and
that which hath wings
shall tell of the matter."

And yet, 1917 years later, some
folks ask, "Why the aeroplane?"

Another argument for more
reading of the Bible !





1917

Dec.

THE NEW YORK

DRILL CHIPS



FOR JUNE



DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*



Ten Cents per Copy

C. H. Henderson, Editor

DON'T SHOOT THE PREACHER

IF ANY of our readers are laboring under the delusion that it is an easy job to edit a magazine in this day and age, let that erring individual step forward and heave his hat onto my hook. No sooner do we write on a subject, nowadays, than something comes along and happens to that subject, and forthwith all our nicely laid calculations are upset — usually just as we're going to press.

If we write about a man or a collection of men, they are likely to flip from pacifists to anarchists four or five times before we get our scribblings to our readers. If we write on the war, we're sure to say the right thing — but at the wrong time.

The world is moving so much faster than the printing press and the editorial pen that we stand constantly in danger of making a bigger fool of ourselves in the eyes of our readers than Nature ever intended — this may sound utterly impossible, but we like to flatter ourselves to the contrary.



No.
403



H. S.
Taper
Shank
Drill



No.
407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smith's
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's



The Cleveland Twist Drill Company

THE EFFECTS OF
POPULARITY—



—and that's a railroad. Therefore, we have selected "Railroads" as the subject of this month's discourse, because we know that nothing more serious can happen to 'em than has already happened.

Our country's railroads are just now recovering from the effects of a popularity similar to that tendered Dr. Cook, when it was established that he had lassoed the wrong pole. About every second beggar you meet upon the street, today, will tell you that he once owned some perfectly good railroad stock, which he was induced to hang on to by some evil wisher.

With tears brimming from his eyes, he will tell you the pathetic story of that stock — of its early rise to fame and fortune, of those days of popularity when it was the recognized financial bulwark of the nation's widows and orphans; then will follow a damp recital of its sudden and sickening downfall. And the details will run something like this —

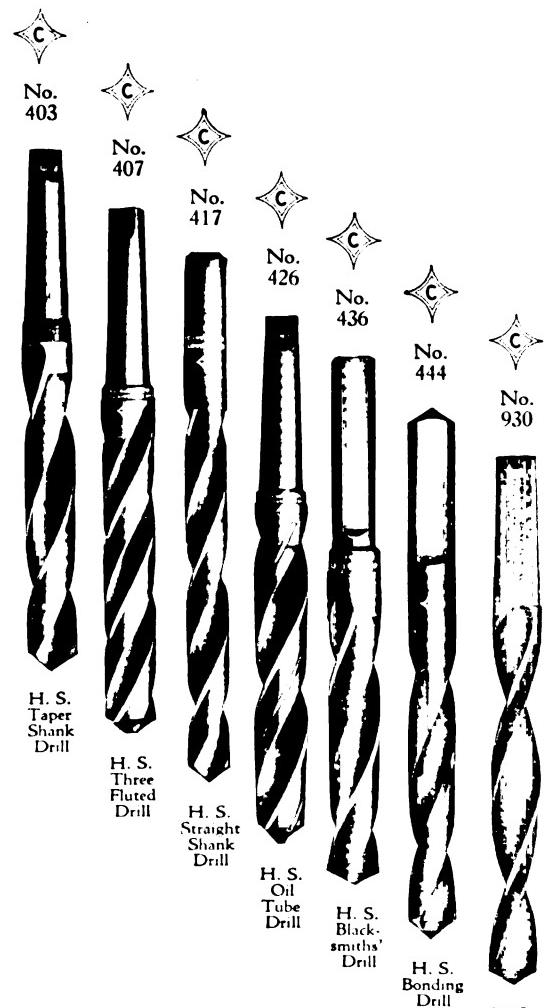
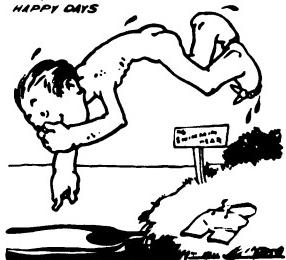


A few years ago, after we discovered that the teakettle on wheels was a valuable aid to rapid transportation, our enthusiasm for and love of railroads knew no bounds. In those halcyon railroading days, a Congressman, instead of tipping a bootblack, would give a new and ambitious railroad a few thousand acres of land upon which to try its teeth. The Federal and State Governments had a little friendly game of penny ante—in which the railroads were the "kitty"—and they kept chipping in and raising the limit until some one hundred and fifty-five million acres or two hundred and forty-two thousand square miles were rung up on the cash drawer of the country's railroads. And everyone thought it was all right. Texas, for example, went on a wild jamboree of generosity and donated to her railroads about eight million more acres than she possessed. And still no one complained.

"Them was happy days." But they were followed by the inevitable morning after. Some railroad sinned, and a bright lad, who

worked in a law office and studied Blackstone nights, discovered its guilt and prosecuted. He did it so successfully and publicly that he got to Congress cross-lots, and then the

THEM WAS
HAPPY DAYS





day of reckoning began.

Instantly railroad baiting became the king, queen and ace high of indoor sports. Whenever a political aspirant failed to land in the calcium by other

means, he found a sure road to glory over the rusting remains of some railroad, laid low by means of his oratory and similar affectations of the Devil.

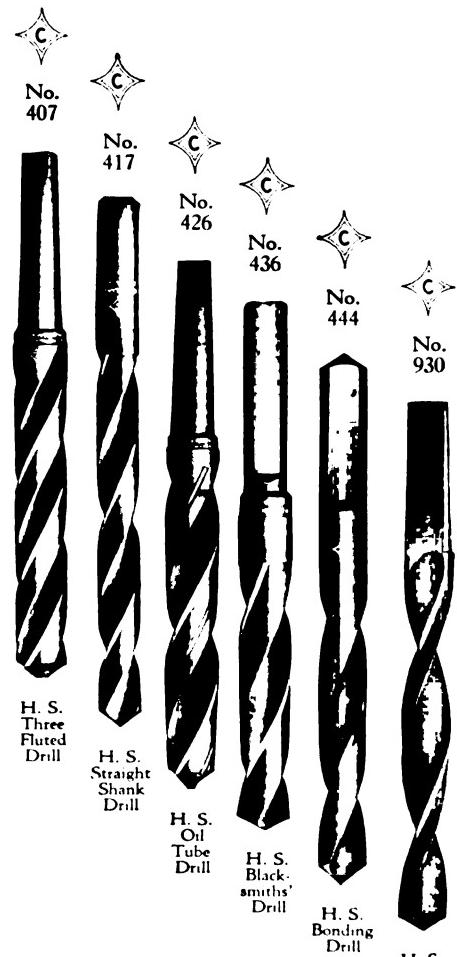
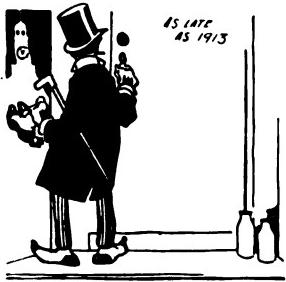
Legislators of all sorts and sizes began harassing the railroads with all sorts and sizes of legislation. Every State in the Union vied with every other State in setting up laws and rules and regulations for the guidance of railroads; and the Ten Commandments, wide in scope though they are, became but puny, weak and narrow things when compared to the legislative confines that do hedge a railroad. Instead of having one boss, a railroad would wake up some dark morning to find that it had from one to forty-eight, depending on how many States it linked together in its course. One State might legislate an electric headlight *on*, while the next one west would legislate it *off*. The next would decree ear tabs for the whistle, while the next would insist on the engineer stopping and firing a gun before each crossing. When a backwoodsman got to Congress, they'd ask him how many railroads he'd killed in the last month, and,



unless he could prove at least six notches on his gun, they'd make him a vice-president or something equally penitential.

This isn't ancient history either. As late as 1913 the state legislatures sat upon 1395 bills relating to details of practical railroad operation. Two hundred and thirty of these became laws! (Just imagine running a business afflicted with two hundred and thirty new laws per annum! Solomon, notwithstanding his multiplicity of wives, had a life of unrestrained joy and gladness in comparison with this scurvy treatment.) These laws stuck their respected fingers into everything from labor charges to the sort of block signals required. Every time a railroad raised its head over the top of the trench some legislative luminary chopped off some of its income or increased its outgo. Sometimes he did both at once, in order to insure proper results and popular approval.

The dear public embraced the idea that the railroads, like the U. S. Treasury, were a sort of artesian fountain of inexhaustible wealth. Without any effort at all, and in spite of piffling but painful persecution, a railroad was expected to be able to float a loan for a million, or to erect an enduring memorial to the liberality of the public in the shape of extensive terminals, depots and similar expensive necessities. And all the time the great game of railroad





wrecking went on, amid the plaudits of the mob. But that wasn't all: Not content with legislating off railroad incomes and legislating on railroad expenses, some Power, down State, decided that the railroads were still too haughty, and needed a

stiff bit of old-time competition in order to be properly humbled unto the dust. On looking around, this Power discovered we had a flock of rivers in this country that had wonderful possibilities — to a man with a disordered imagination. Moreover, to make these rivers fit for navigation would furnish great sport for the dear people back home, and would insure another Congressional term for the Congressman at bat. So we started putting the rivers into competition with the railroads.

We flung twenty cold and shivering millions into the Mississippi from Cairo to St. Louis—200 miles. This revised and expurgated river was immediately in receipt of something like 281,000 tons of traffic or just one *fifty-first* of the amount donated to it back in 1881, when it was innocent of all dredges and dredging. Then we skidded eleven million dollars into the Missouri, and are to spend nine million more. After the initial dose of dollars, the Missouri produced 347,577 tons of traffic per annum, of which 309,577 tons were sand and gravel towed in scows for a distance of one mile.

In spite of this the railroads continue to exist, and still more heroic measures seemed necessary. There-



fore the Red River, out in the State of Arkansas, was relieved of some of its shortcomings. The operation cost the Government something like sixty-five dollars for every ton of freight carried — lumber excepted, as that would float down, shortcomings or no shortcomings. And still, to the surprise of certain interested parties, the railroads continued to run trains.

The situation seemed critical in the extreme. The Public must be appeased. Whereupon someone took an opiate and conceived the Hennepin Canal to link Chicago and the Gulf — thus effectively side-tracking railroads for evermore. Anybody can see that. The canal cost nine million dollars, and in 1913 each ton of freight that was dragged over its bosom cost the Government forty-six dollars and thirty-three cents.

Certainly in the face of such cutthroat competition the railroads should have succumbed. But they didn't. They were very tenacious of life. True, they were not — nor are they now — in a very flourishing state. All this haggling and badgering very naturally reduced the value of their securities. Investors found better security and better incomes elsewhere. As a result, our railroad capitalization per mile is the least in any modern country. In Canada it is \$67,737; in Russia it is \$84,200; in Germany \$120,355; in France \$148,625, and in the United Kingdom \$274,224. In our own land of the free, however, it is just \$63,495.

This poverty of capitalization is largely the result of our insane desire to "take it out of" the railroads. Exactly why we are possessed





I Don't Have to Wait

My work is never held up for lack of reamers, because we use

"PARADOX" REAMERS

When a "Paradox" Reamer wears down, we don't have to scrap it and dawdle around until a new one arrives. Instead of *scrapping* "Paradox," we just send it to the *tool* room for sharpening and re-adjustment to size. In almost no time it's back on the job, fit as a fiddle, and without any delay or lost time.

One "Paradox" Reamer and a tool room is equivalent to a stock of ordinary reamers

THE
**CLEVELAND ♦ TWIST DRILL
COMPANY**

NEW YORK

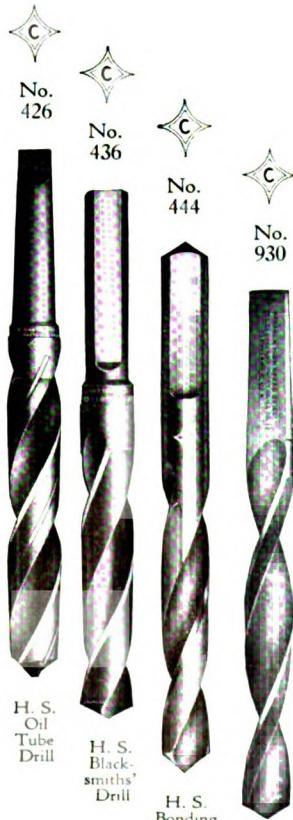
CLEVELAND

CHICAGO



for Reamers Any More

If you'd like to know more about real reamer satisfaction—minus long delays and waits—ask me to send you Paradox Catalog Number 388





ONE THING IS
CERTAIN —



(THE ORIGINAL
GHOST SPREADER
THAT TUCES YOU
IN SNUBLY.)

of this desire or what we are "taking out" of 'em no one seems to know. But one thing is certain—we have taken everything out of the railroads including the major share of their earning and serving capacity. In May, 1911, for example, the *Review of Reviews* estimated that the railroads of the country approximated 60 per cent of the required facilities for expeditious

handling of freight. Today, with business 300 per cent normal, their readiness to serve fades to the irreducible minimum.

Yet many of the old school of railroad kickers are still inclined to blame the railroads for the present forlorn condition of the nation's transportation. But ask one of these same kickers how much railroad stock *he* owns, and he will probably tell you—not a single share. Ask him why, and he will tell you he can get better return on his money elsewhere, thereby answering his own complaint.

Our legislation has limited the return on railroad investments, yet in exchange it has never offered any guaranty that there will be *any* return whatsoever. In the face of such misshapen legislation, is it any wonder that our railroads are impoverished? Is it any wonder that they limp along with makeshift and hand-to-mouth methods. They know that to appear prosperous is a cause of suspicion. More than that, it is a signal for heavy bomb fire from the opposition and loud screams of disappointment from the proletariat, who do not own railroad stock.

What our railroad systems need most of all is a guaranty of a sound night's sleep, untroubled by dreams of highwaymen and legislative slugshots behind the left ear. The irony of the present situation is that we of the mob, who have been so ready to cry "Crucify 'Em," are the ones who are now paying the penalty for our haste and taste for railroad gore. We are the ones who are out of pocket.



Henceforth, when we kick about our delay and loss incurred by embargoes, ask first what is responsible for these same embargoes. It is the lack of proper terminal facilities and sufficient locomotives — something the railroads would be only too glad to supply if they had but the means.

When coal lingers in the yards, before you complain find out why it is that in England the railroads dump *whole trainloads* of coal at one operation, while here we transfer it car by car, and thereby pay the price of our antiquated machinery. Before we criticize the delay in getting our militia to the border, ask who enfeebled our transportation systems so that they had no factor of safety to their credit. Before we complain of congestion on the coast, ask why our railroads have to pay fifty million a year for lighterage service and thirty-five million for drayage at New York, when a modern terminal system would reduce this annual tribute by one-half.

"Railroads," says Howard Elliott, "are no different from any other kind of business. They can't increase their expenses and keep their rates stationary, and still continue to provide a plant adequate to their needs." That sounds reasonable, and yet for years we've been running on the theory that we could do any old thing to a railroad and it would still continue to lick our hands and shoot out dividends and improvements with every breath.

It is time we realized that the railroads are not gifted with the divine and unlimited ability to stand financial mulcting that is ascribed to them by popular fancy. It is time we realized how interwoven are the railroads with the convenience, prosperity and, yes—even the *life* of our country.

Our early liberality toward railroads may have been expensive, but we will hazard the guess that *it was actual economy in comparison with the price we are now paying for our later foolhardy stinginess and peevish persecution of them.*





Railroads made this country—they maintain it, they feed us, and they may prove to be our protection before the year is out. Therefore give them and their troubles the consideration they deserve. Give them a chance to make a return on their capital that shall be comparable with the return in other fields of endeavor.

If you wish, let the Interstate Commerce Commission exercise supervision over the issuance of railroad securities that the public may

be assured that money invested in such securities will be used solely for the purpose of legitimate railroad development.

These two acts would combine to attract to our railroads the new and needed money with which to build them into what they should be—a vast and healthy machine for public service and protection.

In short, before you assail our railroads, consider first the hard and devious row they hoe, and then remember the placard which was nailed to the vestibule of a Western church—"Worshipers are earnestly requested to leave their guns at the door and to refrain from shooting up the preacher. He's doin' the best he can."

NOTE: We are indebted to Mr. Hubert B. Fuller of Cleveland, author of "The Interstate Commerce Act," etc., for many of the facts in this article.

CONCERNING COLLEGE EDUCATIONS

THIS is Mister Mendelssohn's month—the month of blushing brides and frozen-footed bridegrooms. 'Tis also the month of sweet girl graduates and fashion-plate boy graduates, flaunting Charles Chaplin mustachios. Come to think of it, this month is likewise the 'umteenth anniversary of the day the editor's brazen bunch escaped from under the thumb of the professorial persons, and cavorted out upon the campus of life. Gad, that was a terrible day—four long years buried, and not a blamed thing to show for 'em but an enameled bit of goat's hide, tied with baby blue ribbon!

Remember how we all oozed out of the chapel, in a long black dismal line, while the organ boomed forth "Behold, the Conquering Hero Comes"?



And how we coyly lingered on the steps, with a college diploma on our hands and a vacant stare on our faces? Remember it? Of course we remember it, and though we've lost the diploma and the vacant stare is hidden under a smudge of ink, we still recollect the ghastly sinking feeling that weighed down our diaphragm 'umsteen years ago.

In fact, our memory on this item is so frightfully clear, that we have nothing but the most kindly compassion for college boys. They surely have a reputation to live down. For years they have been liberally advertised as "rah rah boys," with three ounces of brains to three tons of brawn. "College bred" is, in some circles, synonymous with a four-year loaf. The result of this liberal and ill-advised heralding is that the minute one of these college boys tackles the "Help Wanted" column, he devoutly wishes he had casually caressed the business end of a locomotive before ever glimpsing the college halls.

Without doubt a college education has its disadvantages — college boys contract a lot of useless knowledge, for which they are likely to cherish too high a respect. But that's not their fault — when you sell a man anything you generally try to make him think it's worth the price of admission, and likewise do the college professors. They are in the business of selling facts of various character and worth, and they *have* to make these facts look like bonanzas or they will be requested to turn their footsteps toward more fertile fields of endeavor. So don't place too much blame on the college boy because he values what he bought with father's money — perhaps he *is* a bit oversold, but that's the salesman's fault — not his.

We'll grant you without argument that all college graduates are not sterling silver; heaps of them are only plated, and some are cunningly concealed gold bricks. But the same can be said of any assemblage of men-folk. Perhaps, however, under all that circus scenery is a Man. You can never tell. Many a fur-lined overcoat covers a dirty shirt, and vice versa; even a dynamo is a lazy looking thing, until someone gives it a whirl — which reminds us that none of us are what we are because of our dear selves alone. Somewhere, back in the dark ages of our



H. S.
Bonding
Drill

No.
444

No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



HE HAS YOUTH



thief, a crook and a baby snatcher.

Be charitable. You may think the college graduate a trifle "fresh," because he does not stammer and trip over his Stetsons, but it's not impossible that he has already learned to cover a pair of very cataleptic knee-joints with a smile, and isn't it just possible that with a little polishing he would make a ripping good salesman?

Of one thing you may be certain—he has Youth. Don't turn up your nose and smile at our sentimentalism — what would you give to have Youth again? It is worth as much and maybe more to that kid before you. Business needs Youth, for Youth is not fettered by the traditions that become a casehardened part of middle life. Youth, dod gast it, busts traditions and steps on our toes, but it sometimes has the faculty of getting there. Raphael, we are informed, painted his Sistine Madonna at twenty-seven, and at twenty-five you probably wouldn't have hired him to paint the walls of your machine shop. Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin at twenty-seven, but at twenty-two we don't believe anyone would have given him the gladsome mitt at an engineers' convention.

Today the opportunities for Youth are increased enormously — any baby can now invent a new design for a non-skid tire and become famous overnight. So why apologize for Youth and why make Youth apologize for itself? Every blessed one of us here this evening wishes he had Youth safe under lock and key for private and leisurely consumption.

So here's to our future presidents, God bless 'em — they know too much and so are fools; they know nothing and in so knowing are wise beyond all men, for they know not the impossible.

business life, is a man who gave us the initial whirl that started us creating and producing. Let's quit kidding ourselves about our brains and all that — some gambler once took a chance on us, and gambled on our ability to become a paying proposition, and out of the kindness of his heart be sketched for us the outlines of the Key to Success. He may be under six feet of sod now, but without him or his like, you and I would be voting the nihilist ticket and swearing that the man with a white collar is a

THE CLEVELAND TWIST DRILL Co.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES

MAY 16th, 1917

N O T I C E

Because of the present unsettled conditions, and the uncertain future, we are compelled to accept all business with the understanding that price will be that ruling at date of shipment.

We are unable to contract ahead for either labor or material, so it is manifestly impossible for us to know what the future will bring forth.

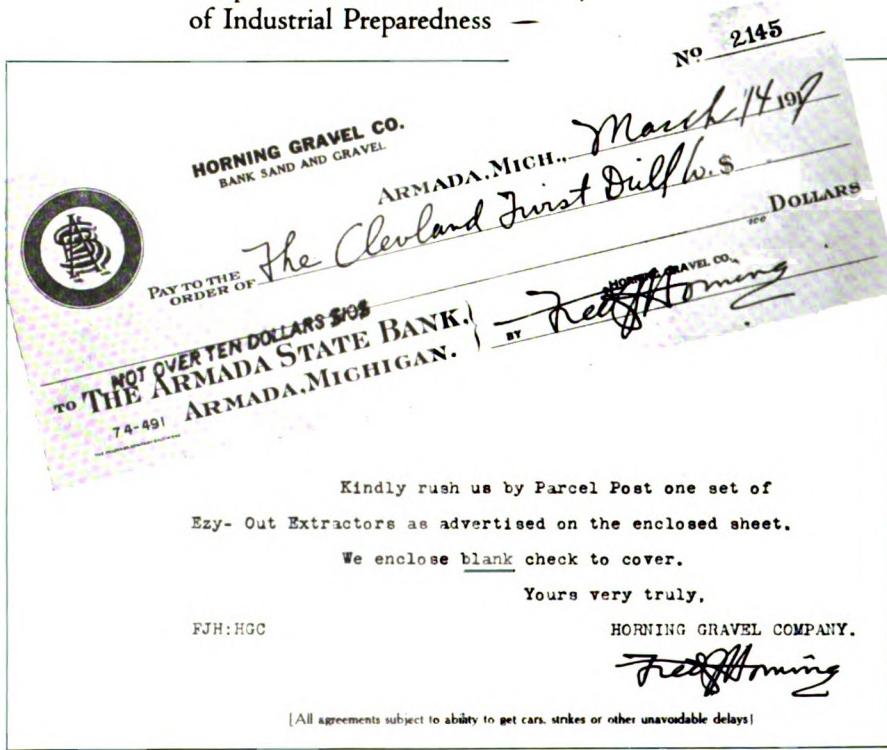
It is hardly necessary to say that our plant is working night and day, and that all orders will be shipped just as quickly as we are able to make the tools.

Very truly yours,

THE CLEVELAND TWIST DRILL COMPANY

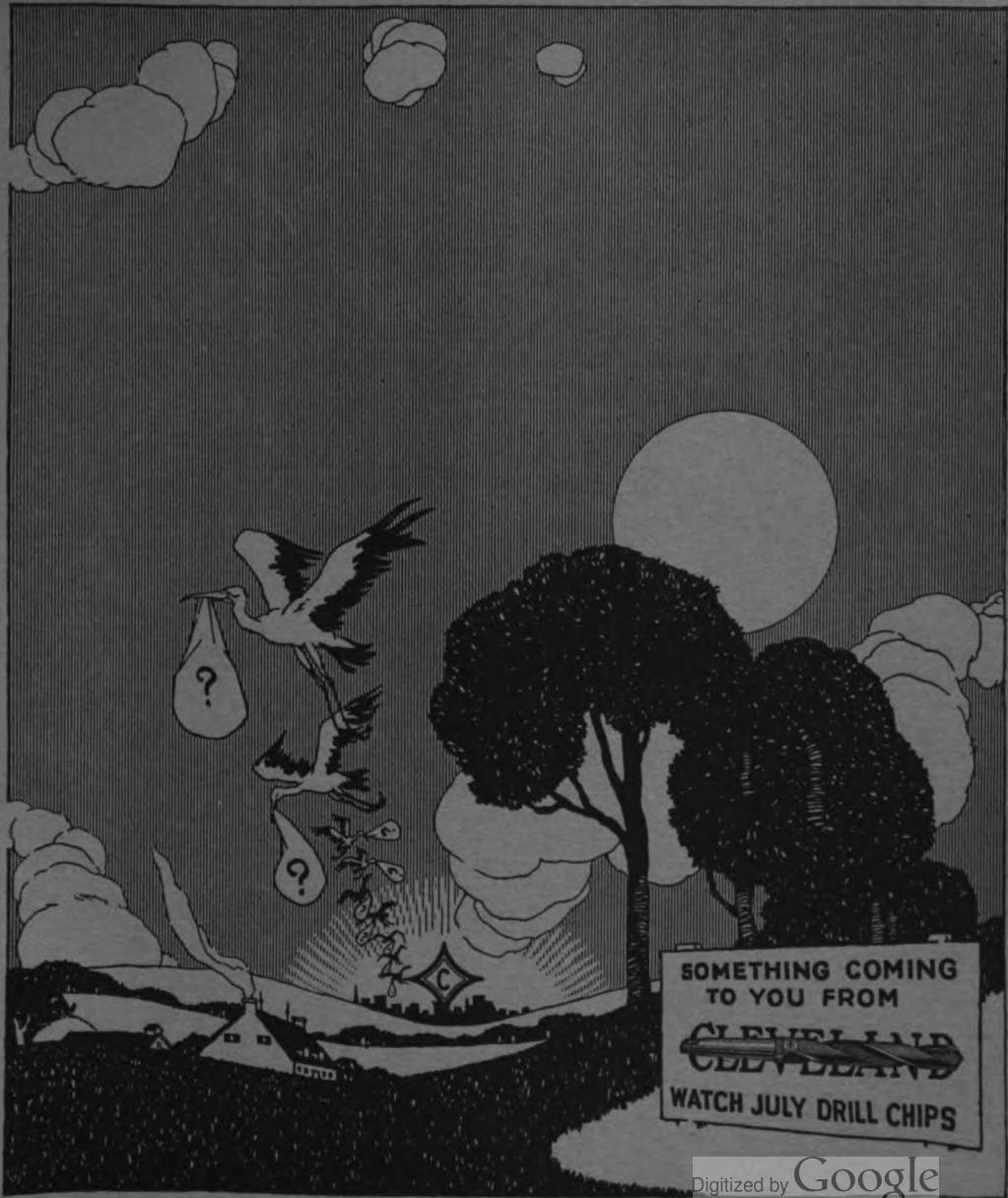
NOT OVER TEN DOLLARS \$10\$

Graphic Evidence of the Economy
of Industrial Preparedness —



THEY waited until it was a case of "rush one set EZY-OUT Screw Extractors." Then—in their *emergency*—EZY-OUT was worth to them "anything up to ten dollars." When *your* emergency comes, EZY-OUT may be worth many times ten dollars—in time, tools and production saved. Wouldn't it be better to have an EZY-OUT Screw Extractor Set ready than to want it and not have it? Wouldn't it?

THE CLEVELAND ♦ TWIST DRILL CO.



SOMETHING COMING
TO YOU FROM
CLEVELAND
CLEVELAND
WATCH JULY DRILL CHIPS

AMERICANS

Enlist, Plow, or Buy
a Liberty Bond

U. S. 1917

Tech.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

DRILL CHIPS

THE CLEVELAND
TWIST DRILL CO.
CATALOGUE THIRTY NINE

A CATALOG MORE NEARLY REPRE-
SENTATIVE OF "CLEVELAND"
TOOLS THAN ANY OF ITS PREDE-
CESSORS-EFFECTIVE JULY THE FIRST
NINETEEN HUNDRED & SEVENTEEN

Code | Peetless Paradox Readers | Conflicting Paragraphs | Drills | Sockets | Index



C. H. Henderson, Editor

HAT wicked and symbolic bird appearing as the headstone of this issue is not an unusually luxurious specimen of New Jersey mosquito, children dear, it is a *Ciconia alba*, we are informed by the artist who perpetrated it upon us in answer to our request for a Stork.

We had to have a stork somewhere in this issue to perpetuate the tantalizing landscape scheme which blossomed forth on the inside cover of last month's issue — a landscape consisting of a convention of emaciated storks each bearing a promise of "something coming from Cleveland." And this "something" has now arrived!

But why torture you further? Why prolong this agony of suspense? There's no reason for delay, therefore we throw wide the portals and announce publicly what you have already guessed, that one of the arrivals to be announced in this issue is a Catalog of unusual pedigree and distinction known as

"CLEVELAND CATALOG NO. 39"

Page One

1917 © The Cleveland Twist Drill Co.



No.
403



H. S.
Taper
Shank
Drill



No.
407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World'

Digitized by Google



The other nine arrivals make their initial bows on pages 8 to 11. But bear with us a moment—

Some few weeks ago the

Boss skidded into our bulwarks and caught us redhanded enjoying the fragrant weed of old Virginy in idle ecstasies. "Ed," says he, "hast thou nothing to do?" "I am thinking," says I, "of a new method of reforming the universe." "Just for that," says he, "I sentence you to sixty days in the workhouse pounding out a catalog." "Have mercy, gentle sire," quoth I. But the Boss, be it known, is a merciless monster, and insisted that we needed a new catalog—something somewhat representative of the quality and lineage of "Cleveland" tools.

Whereupon our nights became a wild orgy of cold towels and hot coffee. List numbers were our daily bread. Reels of dimensions unrolled themselves before us as we slept. But out of it all rose a catalog that is a *catalog*. Unlike most catalogs it starts with a cover. Even this is a little different from the ordinary run of catalog covers. It looks like leather, and, when the glue was fresh, it smelled like a tannery. But the real surprise comes when you swing back this cover and gaze upon the

thumb index that clings to the right-hand edge like a fire escape to a skyscraper.

That thumb index will be the recipient of more blessings than any other single feature of Catalog Thirty-Nine. It will enable you to find what you are after without mutilating the best part of a half hour. If you want to look up "Peerless" Reamers, for example, there's the word "Peerless" smiling out at you and beckoning on to unguessed savings in your reaming department. Is it a drill you want? Just slide your calloused thumb down to the word "Drills" and there you'll find them all spread out before you.

More important still—this catalog, which became effective July first, contains *all the revisions of list prices and dimensions which likewise became effective on that date*. To prevent snarls in your purchasing department it would be well to have Catalog Thirty-Nine within easy reach. We promise you that it will quickly become your favorite reference book on all subjects of a drilling or reaming nature, for not only is it a complete catalog of the tools themselves, but it likewise offers helpful suggestions as to their best and most profitable use.

Foremost of all: "Cleveland" Catalog Thirty-Nine is the first really *comfortable* catalog that has ever been offered to the industry. We





believe that it will end for all time the usual aggravating, searching and thumbing which has been an ever present bugbear in tool catalogs. "Cleveland" Catalog Thirty-Nine makes every one of the almost numberless "Cleveland" tools instantly accessible, even though the user be unfamiliar with the arrangement or usual sequence of these tools in a catalog.

For safety, for convenience and for sheer comfort have one of these new "Cleveland" catalogs within hailing distance. It will rapidly become your standard and ever-ready source of reference. We will appreciate it, however, if you will write us on your letter-head, as the expensiveness and elaborateness of this catalog prohibits promiscuous distribution. We promise you that no annoying follow-up will result from your action—"Cleveland" Catalog No. Thirty-Nine needs no follow-up.

And now for pages 8 to 11!

At this point we pause in our paean of praise to apologize for devoting four full pages to such an unspeakably selfish subject as a new catalog. Perhaps after you have seen it, however, you will excuse our enthusiasm. Having thus set ourselves right in your eyes we will progress to a subject that fairly scintillates with originality.

EVERYMAN'S PATRIOTISM

AFTER discussing the matter with my better nine-tenths, I have postponed running for public office until the millennium is announced. (Washington, D.C., papers please copy.)

The reason for my apparent disregard of the national good is this: as a man in public life, I would naturally be expected — nay even urged — to implant a few words of wisdom, now and then, in the upturned ears of the admiring populace. This I would be glad to do, and gratis, were it not for the fact that, after working and sweating over a well-rounded sentence, I strenuously object to having some misanthrope with a spavined memory take my well-weighed words and warp them into every conceivable sort of idiotic driveling.

I have a horror of being misunderstood — a horror born of a memory of the fate which engulfed the unthinking wretch who wired his physician, "Mother-in-law at death's door. Come pull her through." This one illustration of the disastrous effects of an illy or hastily turned phrase has been enough to keep me utterly and always from risking a public utterance.

And if, at any time, my resolve should weaken, to fortify myself I need only gaze upon the awful ruin which followed in the wake of Secretary Houston's impassioned plea for national





economy. What Houston actually said is now lost to all memory in a maelstrom of aborted quotation, misquotation and comment, all of it seeking to magnify the need for an extreme and painful sort of thrift. From one end of this land to the other we have been bombarded with the bugaboo of starvation, panic, wreck and ruin. And why? Can't we think for ourselves? Are we nothing but big, blubbering boys, believing all we hear, and shuddering at every shadow that crosses our path? It would seem so.

Business was blithe enough until someone, in a moment of righteous insanity, rang the false alarm of a still more false economy.

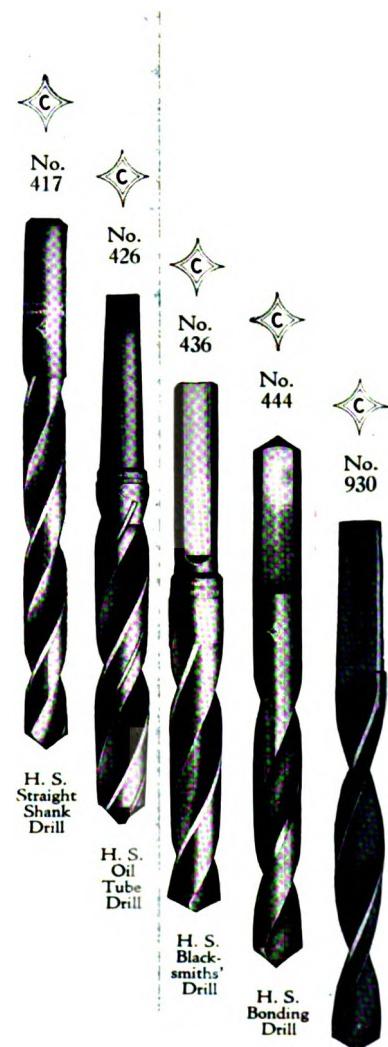
Your wife read the news and believed it. My wife read the news and did likewise. They both rushed for the mantelpiece at precisely the selfsame second, and slammed the family purse to with a resounding clang. Forthwith all the darned socks—the offscouring of several years past—leaped down upon us from the garret, the old shoes galloped out of the closet dust, last season's suit made a hurried visit to the cleaner's, and we all, with one accord, put on the sackcloth, ashes and sanctimonious look of the resplendent martyr—and business languished abruptly.

For shame upon us! Here we are, a nation with a wealth of something over two thousand dollars per capita, and a national debt of about twelve dollars a head, with 25 billions of liquid, ready money in our banks, with a trade balance 500 per cent greater than that

of nineteen hundred and two, with over nine hundred million acres of tillable land beckoning to us, with thousands of sleek and healthy individuals complaining smilingly of thumbs blistered from much coupon-clipping, and yet, with all these evidences of a very real prosperity, we stop and hesitate, look and listen, our lower lip quivers pitifully, and our both hands plunge deep into our pockets as we double over in an agony of financial cramps.

And why? Purely because the newspapers of the country failed to realize their responsibility and our weakness—they played up the somewhat alarming words of Houston in scare-head type on the front page, and consigned Howard Coffin's masterly and reassuring analysis of the situation to the dust and cobwebs of the inside columns. And we—we like a pack of sheep refused to think for ourselves and immediately contracted violent pains in our financial regions, simply because Secretary Houston said that unless we quit eating the green apples of Eden we might possibly, at some future date, have aforesaid pains.

Save—for sure—by all means let us save! Our national sin has ever been a lack of thrift. But save how—not how much, but how—in what manner—by what means? That is the fundamental question, and how has it been answered? In all the pages of bunk put forth on the need for a greater national thrift we have yet to see a correct definition or interpretation of what constitutes war-time economy. Before we practice this much-adver-



ANNOUNCE

New EZY-OUT Screw



No. 15 EZY-OUT Set
The Baby of the
Bunch

Designed for Tool-room and
Lighter Machine Shop Work.

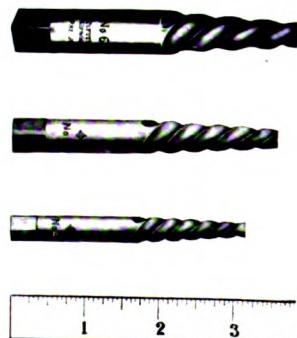
Price—F. O. B.
Cleveland

\$2.25

No. 17 EZY-OUT Set The Original Daddy of 'Em All

An ideal all-purpose set—
of wide-spread popularity and
almost universal application.

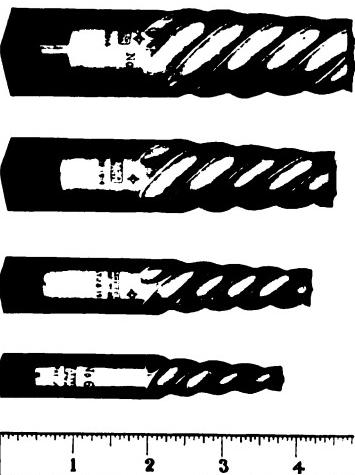
Price—F.O.B.
Cleveland
\$1.75



ING THE

Extractor Sets and Sizes

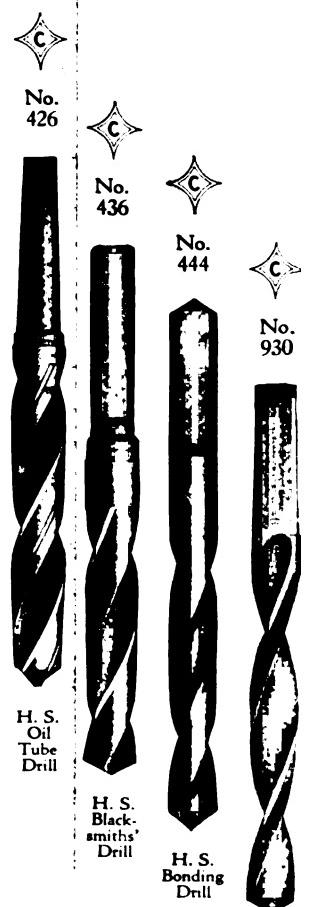
No. 16 EZY-OUT Set



Be Sure
to See
the
JUMBO
SIZES
on Page
Eleven

"The Heavy Shop Set"—for Railroad,
Structural and Bridge Work, and
similar fields; often combined with
No. 15 Set by the larger shops.

Price — F. O. B. Cleveland \$4.00



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's

Digitized by Google



identical. Either condition creates the same endless chain of fainting retail business, languishing jobbers, wild-eyed manufacturers and jobless men, and thence arises the perpetual motion of jobless men, famishing retail business, hungry jobbers, paupered manufacturers and so on *ad infinitum*.

War-time economy is not a palsied hoarding of shekels, it is not the tightening of lips, hearts and pursestrings, nor is it the ruthless reduction of expenses.

War-time economy, gentlemen, is *expenditure—constructive expenditure*. Let me say that again, "WAR-TIME ECONOMY IS CONSTRUCTIVE EXPENDITURE," with the accent on "constructive" and "expenditure" in equal degree.

Today has no place for the miser. Neither has it room for the spendthrift. It has room and room only for the man who spends magnificently but ever wisely. To do other than to spend and spend wisely is to add your bit to the threatened stricture of business; to do otherwise is to cultivate the seed of poverty, which is nothing more nor less than the fear of poverty, and the fear of poverty is the father of the fact.

To cease doing any necessary thing is not economy, it is waste. To cease spending where the spending will reap a harvest is not a virtue, it is a crime. On the line of battle they win—not by hoarding ammunition—but by spending it wisely. And so in business. Hoarding money—the ammunition of business—will never win

tised economy it might be well to understand the nature of the thing. Thrift or economy may be a virtue or it may be a crime. When carried to extremes, economy becomes a form of poverty—indeed it is the selfsame thing, for what is the difference between the man who *has* money and *won't* spend it and the shuffling potter who has no money and therefore *can't* spend it? The results are

T H E
New Jumbo EZY-OUT Sizes

These EZY-OUT Screw Extractors are sold individually

The prices quoted are F. O. B. Cleveland



No. 12
Ezy-Out Extractor
Price each \$2.50



No. 11
Ezy-Out Extractor
Price each \$2.15



No. 10 Ezy-Out Extractor—Price each \$1.80

Ask your dealer to send over *your* EZY-OUT Extractor Set
and end for all time the delay, loss and embar-
rassment caused by broken screws



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smith's
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's



the day. It must be expended swiftly and wisely, for only by so doing can the army of business march on.

The cry today is for patriots. Good! But these same patriots need not all be in the trenches, thank God. Some may plant and some may sow, some may grind out the armor for Democracy's great battle, but all can spend and thereby keep the golden mill-race of business bubbling down and driving the wheels of commerce at a still more merry pace.

Every man, woman and child in this nation can do their "bit" by refusing to mother the fear of poverty which is the father of the fact, and by spending as only a wise man and a patriot spends—liberally, wisely and constructively.

Therein, gentlemen, we have the only definition and measure of Everyman's patriotism—a "bit" we can all do—a constant, unhesitating circulation of our nation's commercial blood — her wealth of 240 billions — one-third of the world's total treasure.

In this connection I am reminded of an ancient story concerning a man who called his servants before him, that each might render an accounting of his stewardship during the absence of their master.

The first servant came and said, "Lord, the money which thou didst entrust to me hath, by trafficking and trade, gained a full ten pounds." And the Lord said unto him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Because thou hast been faithful in a little have thou authority over ten cities!"

And then the second servant came saying, "Lord, the pound which thou didst entrust to me hath gained five pounds, through interchange and commerce." And the Master said likewise unto him, "Be thou ruler over five cities."

Then came another servant—a thin, chicken-livered sort—and said, "Oh Lord, behold here is the pound which thou gavest me. I have kept it stowed away in a sock in the cellar fearing to part with it, lest, in these tumultuous times, I lose it entirely."

And the Lord said unto him, "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Why didst thou not at least give this money to the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with interest?" Then turning unto the other servants he said, "Take from him this paltry pound and give it unto him that hath ten pounds, for to everyone that hath shall be given and to him that hath not even that which he hath shall be taken away."

And likewise is each American now called to give an accounting of his stewardship—of his patriotism. Hast thou, oh Brother of the Faith, secretly stowed the money entrusted to thee in a sock in the cellar, or hast thou, oh good and faithful servant, put it into circulation—earning, producing and multiplying itself?

S. P. C. A. REJOICES

HOSE of our readers who have paid their dues in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be delighted to hear that the storks, with which we have infested our recent issues, do, on this page, lay down the last of their burdens to retire to an abode of permanent rest and enjoyment. They have done their work well, for not only have they borne to the waiting world the first word of "Cleveland's" super-catalog Number Thirty-Nine, but they likewise carried a tremendous addition to the flourishing family of EZY-OUT Screw Extractors. What more could one ask than this?

The proud father of the augmented EZY-OUT family, which we are about to announce, is our old and popular pal, EZY-OUT Screw Extractor Set No. 17. This set was hardly on the market, however, when we were literally besieged with impassioned pleas for still other sizes. Some folks wanted larger sizes, while some figured they would have no peace of mind whatsoever until they had three or four smaller sizes awaiting the emergency in their tool rooms.

As we desired to be strictly impartial and to favor no particular suppliant, we withheld all encouragement until we could tell of the complete family of EZY-OUT Screw Extractors—and a regular Roose-



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling

The Cleveland Twist Drill Company

veltian affair it is, too, with twelve husky members, each a specialist in the quick and painless removal of broken screws.

For the convenience and economy of the user we have subdivided the twelve sizes into three sets—each set designed with particular reference to the range of work met with within a given field. Thus EZY-OUT Screw Extractor Set No. 15, containing EZY-OUT Extractors Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, will be found especially convenient and appropriate for tool room and lighter machine shop tasks.

We have a suspicion, however, that the wise ones will jump over the traces and combine sets 15 and 16. Set 16 contains EZY-OUT Extractors Numbers 6, 7, 8 and 9 and, in combination with Number 15 Set, is equivalent to a nice, neat insurance policy tucked away in the safe, protecting you against the usual prolonged delay and embarrassment caused by broken screws of almost every size—from the smallest to the largest—usually met with in factory and machine shop work.

Then there's EZY-OUT Set No. 17. The truly phenomenal distribution attained by this—the original—set since its introduction six months ago is sufficient guarantee of its all-around usefulness and popularity.

These three sets—Nos. 15, 16 and 17—are illustrated to scale on pages eight and nine of this issue.

In addition to the nine sizes included in the three above-mentioned sets there are three additional sizes which are sold individually and not in sets. EZY-OUT Numbers 10, 11 and 12 are the new jumbo sizes—intended for heavy structural and boiler work and similar industries. These extra-large sizes are illustrated on page eleven.

But we're not through with you yet, that is, we're not if you have forgotten how easy it is to extract a broken screw with an EZY-OUT Screw Extractor. Instead of fussing and fuming with a kitful of punches and files, just drill a hole in the broken screw, insert the proper size EZY-OUT, clamp on a tap wrench and twist, and out will come that broken section, *on its own threads*, as easily and as smoothly as if it had never broken off at all. Something of a contrast with the makeshift method of the past, isn't it, and possible because the EZY-OUT Screw Extractor is the only tool expressly designed for this job.

Your dealer has 'em in stock, and 'tis said that a hint to the wise is an ample sufficiency. Now you can drive on to the next article. Gangway!!!

C T D IMMORTALS



INTLEMIN and Fellow Taxpayers: 'Tis with a glad heart I introduce to ye a breath of old Erin's classic sod; a man who long ago forsook the doctrine of home rule*; one of the last, but far from the least, of our Immortal Six Hundred (less 586); one Andrew J. Ireland Esquire and also D. D.

The last mentioned attachment was bestowed upon him a dozen years ago, when, after hard and earnest labors, he was granted the degree of Doctor of Drills—a decoration conferred upon such as distribute more holes per drill.

"Andy"—for as such he is known by the elect and the prospective elect—Andy, by a special and unusually liberal arrangement, permits the Bard of Skibo to use his Christian name in exchange for one or two of the Bard's choicest precepts—chief among which is his well known and tremendously true advice, "Young man, when in doubt, buy Government bonds and 'Cleveland' drills." Andy does the first and recommends the second with the clear conscience that comes from an intimate knowledge of and trust in the subject.

He has only one dissipation—real estate. We might add politics to this likewise, if it were not for the fact that his influence is decidedly beneficial in that direction and hence politics would rightly come under the heading "Charities and Benevolences."

You will note nestled away in his signature an apparently harmless "J." That does not stand for Joker, but is emblematic of the blind Goddess of Justice, of whom Andy is a near relative. Andy's Justice, however, is a very wide-eyed and quick deity, in whom those who know him wisely repose absolute confidence.

Andy doesn't limit his loyalty to the confines of No. 9 North Jefferson Street, Chicago (which is in Illinois), but distributes it all about the city and its suburbs. As a result his customers are loyal to him—for loyalty breeds loyalty, and no man is more loyal than our old friend Andrew J. He's a man's man, enthusiastic, capable, a hard worker, who sells for the joy of serving, and how well he serves only those know who use and enjoy the benefits of Andy's doctrine—"more holes per drill."

* He's married.



No.
930



The Cleveland Twist Drill Company

AN INTERESTING SIDELIGHT

HOUGH the Liberty Loan is now a matter of history, it left with us an omen auguring well for the cause of Democracy, for America, and for the sincerity of her adopted children.

Here at The Cleveland Twist Drill Company we employ quite some several men—yes, business is good, thank you—men almost as varied in nationality as in face.

About a month ago, we went before this cosmopolitan assemblage, and explained the Liberty Bond proposition. We offered to buy the bonds for our employees and to carry these bonds for one year without interest, provided only the employee paid for his or her bond within that time. Meanwhile the employee was to enjoy the dividends resulting from the purchase. In other words, we furnished the capital, free of interest for one year, and turned the resulting profits over to our employees.

There was hardly a moment of hesitancy. Four hundred men stepped forward and formally recognized the demands of Liberty upon them. From under the mattress and from out the sock came tumbling the savings of months and years. After the smoke had cleared away, the employees of The Cleveland Twist Drill Company had subscribed to the cause of Liberty to the tune of well over twenty-five thousand dollars.

What better proof need we or any man of the innate, active patriotism of the "Cleveland" organization? It is but another guarantee that "Cleveland" stands ready to deliver to all of you and to the fighting industries of this country typically American Drills—the kind that drill more holes per drill.

WE BUY A NEW HAT

VEN the life of an editor has its compensations. We note that Uncle Samuel, in the midst of all his multitudinous worries, took time off to read our May issue dealing with the immediate need for aerial preparedness. The result of his hurried reading was astounding—immediately he rose up from a profound aerial sleep and rushed to the legislative bodies with the demand that some several million more be added to the aerial appropriation. And it looks as though he might get the money! All of which goes to prove that when it comes to influence in high places *Drill Chips* is distinctly among those present. We say this publicly lest some hurried reader might overlook the fact.



*When They
Ask You —*

What you know about
EZY-OUT
Screw Extractors

(Patented 1914)

There's only one complete answer — a copy of "The Best Way Out" — and your copy is waiting. Send for it.



Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that govern-

ment of the people, by the people, for the people,
shall not perish from the earth.

DRILL CHIPS



August

1917
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A POEM—DEDICATED TO
THOSE CONTEMPLATING
A GASOLINE VACATION

There was a man who fancied that by
driving good and fast

He'd get his car across the track before
the train came past;

He'd miss the engine by an inch, and
make the train-hands sore.

There was a man who fancied this;
there isn't any more.

—*Railway Conductor.*

DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents per Copy

C. H. Henderson, Editor

THE FIGHTING INDUSTRY

THE Fighting Industry" is a book—a "smashing big, little book" it has been called—graphically portraying the dependence of modern warfare upon tools.

Before we strap you to the chair and pour forth our usual dose of anesthetic, we ask that you—for your own good—fill out the enclosed postal card entitling you to one of the first copies of this volume.

Every manufacturer and user of tools—regardless of type or kind—should avail himself of this opportunity. We say this—not because we wrote the book in question, not because it is an advertisement (which it isn't), not because we are dissatisfied with present books on the subject—if any. None of these reasons apply.

We want you to read "*The Fighting Industry*" because it contains an astounding array of facts—facts that have never, to our knowledge, been published, facts of almost incredible importance and magnitude, facts that



No.
403



H. S.
Taper
Shank
Drill



No.
407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



No.
417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No.
426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No.
436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



No.
444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No.
930



H. S.
Oregon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling

The fighting Industry



may have a very vital bearing on your future happiness and prosperity—new, tremendous facts that will bring you up, standing, to a lively realization of a threatening danger. While it is not our desire to give "*The Fighting Industry*" promiscuous distribution, we will be glad to furnish additional copies so long as our limited supply will stand the strain. After reading it we imagine that you will know of a number of places where a copy or two will be more than welcome.

THE WORM TURNS

SOME fanatic, while reeling home in a state of blissful but short-lived optimism, once made the embarrassing discovery that *Truth will out*. Far be it from us to dispute his decision. On the contrary, we can but admire his cleverness in refusing to specify the intervals elapsing between these outings. In our estimation the *intervals* are far more noticeable than the *outings*. To illustrate—

The Dead Sea had hardly received a decent burial, when the world was inundated by a flood of self-confessed and self-decorated "Protectors of the Common People." These gentlemen called them-

selves by numerous perfumed names, but their published intent was always the same—"to save the downtrodden masses from the iron heel of the moneyed classes." ('Tis a pleasant phrase and slips nimbly from the tongue.) This, you will note, was their *published* intent—of their private intent we shall say a few hand-colored words presently.

These Champions of the Lowly, advertised themselves as the real, original Defenders of Mankind, as Doctors of its Divers Diseases, and many chronic complainers flocked to their banner, for their song was sweet—especially to footsore riders of the rods, shabby-sleeved bar mops and others of the six-day-beard variety.

These Knight Errants of the Oppressed, having no more urgent business, beguiled the twenty-four idle hours of their working day by directing brickbats and abuse at everything fortunate enough to savor somewhat of success; and the business man, being a lively example of achievement, early became a shining target for their mud.

These windmill-armed advocates of anarchy made as much noise as a convention of skeletons tangoing on a tin roof. They reviled the courts; and the injunction, that time-honored machinery of our Anglo-Saxon law for

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smiths'
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Dragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



protecting the rights of the peaceful citizen from the aggressions of the lawless—under the alchemy of their silver tongues became a snare of iniquity. Early in the game they discovered the asinine doctrine that in limited production is found the key to untold wealth, and laziness was forthwith crowned king of all the virtues, while anarchy was enthroned as the modern Star of Bethlehem. Thus, amid the clatter of such tinkling cymbals, the International Weary Willies and their co-conspirators wended their weary way.

For years their petty maligning of things as they should be has gone on under the protection granted free speech and fools, by a fond and liberal Government. Meanwhile, about them flocked a motley crew of malcontents—strong on wind and kicking only, worshiping their leaders because they typified (to the blind and imbecilic) a monument of Love for Humanity, Oceans of Brotherly Bunk, and all that sort of saccharine slush. The growth of this army of misfits might have continued indefinitely, and with serious effects, had it not been for the sudden and unexpected appearance of forementioned naked little Truthy upon the scene of action.

When the war came, with it came the Government's call for men to fight for

Humanity—the espoused cause of the above soap-box orators, you will remember. But at the bugle blast, who was it leaped forward? These oven-mouthed advocates of a disguised and powdered anarchy? Not they! They leaped all right enough, but onto a convenient rostrum to harangue the multitude, and to inveigle them to refuse to fight for the very cause for which they had long professed the deepest and sincerest interest—the cause of Humanity, Love of Man for Man, etc., etc., *ad libitum*.

Instead of helping, by their actions, these Knights of Brotherly Love confessed that this much vaunted love of theirs was not of sufficient acreage to cramp them in their clothes.

Instead of contributing their little bit—a slippery, silvered tongue—to the cause, they turned their only talent to do battle for the arch enemy of Humanity, the personification of all they were supposed to hate—autocracy.

These selfish self-seekers, loving only where it paid well to love, worshiping secretly the very thing they were sworn to destroy, under the lime-light of public test were revealed as common hypocrites, pharisees of the first water, deceivers, impostors and crafty pretenders, selling their self-assumed birthright for a mess of pottage.

In the meantime—
how about their ancient
enemy—the man they

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Black-
smith's
DrillH. S.
Bonding
Drill

H. S.
Morgan's
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Wittiness



had long cursed as a parasite on life, a foe to all Humanity and humanitarian instincts? How about the Business Man? What was he doing—still grinding out workmen's lives, stunting little children, and the list of other hellish pastimes imputed to him by these arm-chair battlers for Humanity?

While his maligners preached against enlistments, the Business Man was up and at the job of helping. The Liberty Loan arose and ran an epoch-making race, propelled by the unselfish efforts, advertising, time and money of Business Men.

Following on its heels came the Red Cross, with outstretched hands. Did our loud-mouthed friends appear to help this cause—certainly a humanitarian one? They did not. They were too busy preaching and undermining the efficiency of Industry—upon which, more than all else, the fate of Humanity now hangs.

But the story of the Business Man's services had only just begun. At the call of country, time, talent and money rolled in, to back the battle of Humanity, and always from the Business Man. The lumber required to build the army cantonments was contributed at three to five dollars per thousand feet below the ruling market price. Bethlehem Steel is putting twenty million dollars into a plant totally useless except to supply the Government in this crisis. Heads of nation-spanning railroads enlisted their services. The

American Telephone and Telegraph Company early contributed their best and ablest brains; the machinery trades poured forth the riches of their talent; the banking, cotton, woolen, shoe and leather industries stepped forward and saluted; and the nickel, zinc, food, chemical, brass, rubber, aluminum and automobile industries turned into the treasure house of Government the cream of their executives—all coming as the Business Man's unheralded contribution to the cause of which he had been advertised as the arch enemy—the cause of Humanity, Right and Liberty.

Cast your eye over this partial list of Business Men now serving the cause of the Common People, as quoted by The Evening Star, of Washington, D. C.:

"Lewis B. Franklin, President of the Investment Bankers' Association of America; Grayson M. P. Murphy, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York; Henry P. Davison, one of the partners of J. P. Morgan & Company; Edward N. Hurley, formerly Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission;" and Judge Robert S. Lovett, Chairman of the Board of Union Pacific System, "have left their business to do their part in the extension of the activities and usefulness of the Red Cross.

"Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; W. S. Kies, Vice-President of the American International Corporation; and Guy Emerson, Vice-President of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, are devoting themselves in New York, Washington and through the country to the success of the war loans. Mr. Emerson has left his bank office, and opened a special office for the Liberty Loan work.

"The officers of the American Bankers' Association, which is composed of over half of the banks of the United States, are devoting almost their entire energies to the war loan work, and the organization is absorbed in it.

"Six heads of the country's greatest railroad systems are living in Washington, and working with the Government to perfect transportation unit for war purposes. Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio road, represents the roads on the Council of National Defense, and has associated with him as an executive committee, Hale Holden,



No.
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No.
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No.
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No.
930



H. S.
Dragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling

"A Tremendous—A

THESE are only one or two of the enthusiastic comments of men who have read—

"THE FIGHTING INDUSTRY"

It's an epic of its kind—a graphic portrayal of the importance of *tools* in today's crisis.



Smashing Big Book"

Originally printed privately by Mr. J. D. Cox, but too good to keep. Full page illustrations by Frederick Crouse—a volume any man will be glad to preserve—contains many facts never before published.

To men engaged in the manufacture or use of tools of any sort, this book contains a message of vital importance—and we mean just that—"Vital Importance."

And the price? — Just the asking.

THE
CLEVELAND ♦ TWIST DRILL
COMPANY

New York

CLEVELAND

Chicago





President of the Burlington; Samuel Rea, President of the Pennsylvania; Julius Kruttschnitt, Chairman of the Southern Pacific System; Howard Elliott, Chairman of the New Haven; and Fairfax Harrison, President of the Southern. Working with these men are scores of other railroad presidents and high officials, each in his most useful place.

"Big business men, working on the advisory commission of the Council of National Defense are, besides Mr. Willard, Howard E. Coffin, Vice-President of the Hudson Motor Car Company; Julius Rosenwald, President of Sears, Roebuck & Company; and Bernard M. Baruch, New York banker. Walter S. Gifford, the Directing Executive Officer of the

Council, has been lent to the Government by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. A telephone and telegraph committee, which is doing the same thing for wire communication in war time that the railroad men are doing for rail communication, is composed of Theodore N. Vail, President of The American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Newcomb Carlton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company; F. B. McKinnon, Vice-President of the Independent Telephone Association; and N. C. Kingsbury, Vice-President of The American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"A committee on National Defense of the American Electric Railway Association is composed of six of the leading electric railway men of the country, with General George H. Harries, President of the Omaha Electric Light and Power Company, Chairman.

"A Munitions Standards Board, with Frank A. Scott, Secretary of the Warner & Swasey Company, Cleveland, has already organized and mobilized the munitions resources of the country. Working with him are other big business men. W. V. Vanderost, builder of machine tools and automobiles; E. A. Deeds, formerly General Manager of The National Cash Register Company and now President of The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company; Frank Pratt, of The General Electric Company; Samuel Vaclain, of The Baldwin Locomotive Works, The Remington Arms-U.M.C. Company and The Westinghouse Companies; and John F. Otterson, Vice-President of The Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

"A Commercial Economy Board has upon it A. W. Shaw of The A. W. Shaw Company, Chicago; Professor Edwin F. Gay, Dean of The Commercial Economy Department of Harvard University; Wallace D. Simmons, President of The Simmons Hardware Company, St. Louis; and Dr. Hollis Godfrey of The Drexel Institute, Philadelphia. Thomas A. Edison heads the Naval Consulting Board, and with him is a list of eminent engineers and scientists."

Does this look as though the business man was a parasite on the nation—as he has been so liberally advertised? Where, in this, or in any other list of nation builders, are the names of those petty politicians and inciters who have been bent on wrecking business for these many years past? They are not there. They never are. When something is to be done, the wild-eyed, fanatical, chronic

kicker is never among those present. The smoke of action is not to his liking. It offends his delicate nostrils.

When Dayton and Galveston arose from the sea of mud, these parasites on progress were not there. It was the Business Men of these communities who arose to the occasion and pulled these towns out of the pathway of destruction; and now it is this same much-damned Business Man who is pulling with all his might that autocracy may not become ascendant.

We suspect that the above facts, coupled with thousands like them, must come as something of a revelation to those misguided folk who have hitherto been accustomed to picture the Business Man as a first-class Chinee Devil, reaping where he never sowed and cinching a particularly hot seat in the hereafter.

But if the Business Man's actions in the present crisis *are* a surprise to any, the business man has no one to blame but himself. He has been too quiet all these years—too busy working and constructing, too full of *building* to bother about the fleabites of his inch-browed critics—too patient in awaiting the fulfillment of the prophecy that "truth will out."

Now, at last, though through no merit nor contrivings of his own, the truth about the Business Man *is* beginning to leak out. Even the yellow press has been obliged to clothe him in something approaching his true light, and he stands outlined as a modern minute man, working, constructing and building always upward, but ever ready to put his shoulder to the common wheel—regardless of the personal sacrifice entailed.

Business has proven itself, and has spoken in a loud voice. May it continue to do so, thereby relegating to the discard of eternity that mountebank and gay deceiver of the Common People—the professional agitator who likewise, for the first time, is in a fair way to receive his just deserts. Both parties are now, as ever, running true to form—the first quietly doing mighty things, the second raising much hue and cry but doing naught



No.
436



No.
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No.
930



H. S.
Blacksmith's
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
aragon,
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Millions



but knocking, deceiving and destructing. It is devoutly to be prayed that the misguided followers of our professional soap-box orators will see the Truth as it is now revealed, and henceforth will examine thoroughly into the ulterior motives and the sincerity of the man who attempts to elevate himself to a position of tin-horn importance by chewing chunks from the anatomy of Business.

OPEN THE THROTTLE

*By E. C. Peck, Gen. Supt.
The Cleveland Twist Drill Company*

Editor's Note: — Shrieks of unholy glee escaped from our lips when we received the appended letter from one E. C. Peck. Said "E. C." be it known, is none other than our own General Superintendent and Mechanical Genius extraordinary. Hence, it logically follows that he detests advertising and "never reads the stuff." There is also another reason for his loathing of the printed word — he once tried to dispose of a cow by means of advertising, but the blamed bovine never changed hands. Ergo, it follows that advertising — *all* advertising — is a snare and delusion. The attached epistle is the first indication we have ever had that a General Superintendent could read *Drill Chips* and survive. Others — if any — desiring to join this exclusive Organization of Survivors originated by E. C. Peck may enroll by forwarding dues to the Editor by prepaid post.

YOUR article on "War-Time Economy" in July "Chips" contained some good advice, and, *if* followed (get that italicised "if" — therein lies the thorn) *if* followed would help materially in the direction intended. You pointed out how the wrong kind of saving results in a condition as bad as hoarding — also how, in the complete cycle of our life, the wrong kind of saving would seriously cripple business.

You laid great stress on "War-Time Economy is Constructive Expenditure." This is a fundamental truth and should be preached constantly, but,* among the masses where this will have to begin, it cannot be understood.** It takes an economist of large caliber to decide just where and what should be saved, or whether economy to one man is not entirely wrong in another's judgment.

Our instructions for economy must be a careful *plan*, worked out in advance, and taking into account every factor contributing to the whole

*Ed. Note: — The preceding deluge of bouquets is the calm before the storm. We anticipate a punch in the snoot.
**We get it.

economy of the nation. It must be evident, also, that the very best men we have in the nation should be chosen for a Board of Economy, and their instructions should be followed implicitly.

The greatest problem has hardly been touched in print, at least it has never been "hit squarely on the head." The part that everyone can play and make no mistake in playing is, *Become More Efficient*. With one half of the world in the ranks of the army, fighting and producing nothing, but consuming more produce than normal, it is up to the other half to make up the deficit or suffer. But how can we become more Efficient?

The simplest way is, by *everyone increasing his output*. By "everyone" I mean *every person of all ages, races, sexes and religions*.

At a time like this, patriotism and even future existence demands that everyone "put his shoulder to the wheel" and produce *more than he ever did before*. Don't think this applies only to the farmer. It applies to *every individual* in this country.

Above all things, do not hold back production with any false idea that there will be an overproduction, which might lower wages. The industrial men of the country and the Government will see that remunerative work is furnished those factories lucky enough to accumulate a stock of goods.

Curtailing output always means *increased cost of living* with increase of wages *lagging behind*. Increased output, however, in general always means cheaper living cost, greater prosperity and higher wages, partly because of the demand for the services of men who can excel in production.

Furthermore, the awakening of men to the idea of increased production is the first step in their advancement. This is followed by rapid promotions, as the man makes further strides in the direction of thinking and planning how to get more production.

The quickest and most productive results toward our over-all economy will, therefore, be to save—but to save by each individual who is producing, striving by every means to *produce more*.

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Page Thirteen



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
aragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling

PLEAS NOTIZ -

This space is preserved for photo of the manufacturing plant having a stock on hand - Affidavids must accompany application for this position -



This will *absolutely* cure the shortages in all commodities quicker, and with better results to the masses, and a greater prosperity, than any other one thing. If it were possible, the non-producers should be drafted first into the military service. These non-producers include street-corner loafers, bums and vagrants. Also, a class of workmen who are always changing jobs, and never stay long enough in one place to earn the money it has cost the employer to train them for the work.

A great good could also be done for the country at large by including a certain class of grafting politicians and a "blood sucking" group of individuals who prey upon both producer and consumer. This latter class not only produce nothing, but their methods of doing business cause much waste, in addition to the tax they levy on the producer and consumer.

All this means that the number of people who are engaged in obtaining money without producing something necessary to the economic welfare of the nation should be reduced to the minimum. In other words, all people should produce something of use, and the more the better.

We are living in a "Silk-Stocking - Joy-Riding" age, whether we can afford it or not, and there is a certain type of individual who, as soon as he gets "far enough from the dirt road" to enjoy the luxuries of life, ceases to be a producer and brings up his family in idleness, wondering meanwhile why his children are not patriotic and citizens of ability.

A few fundamentals that ought to be preached and practiced everywhere are:

Constructive spending is economy. Increased production is a necessity and the best thing possible for everyone. A by-product put to the best necessary use is not wasted. Do not invest in get-rich-quick schemes. Don't live beyond your means. Unearned privileges are first cousins to graft. Graft is dishonesty varnished by a clever set of brains. Royalty is not popular this year, so don't ape it.

HOW MANY FOR YOU? — A FREE OFFER!

MEN in the shop are always glad to have a catalog that they can call their very own. One that illustrates and describes the tools of their particular trade is especially cherished. And more than one case is on record where such a catalog has been the means of considerable saving for the firm.

With this thought in mind, we are about to blow our faithful readers to a free offer. Let us know how many catalogs you wish to distribute in your shop and we'll send just that number of Catalog Number 38. Don't be bashful in specifying the number you wish to use. Do the job well, and get all the good that is yours for the asking.

Of course, Catalog 38 is superseded (insofar as list prices and some other details are concerned) by "Cleveland" Catalog Number 39, which we announced in July. But as an encyclopedia of *What's What in Drills and Reamers*, our old friend, Catalog 38, has still to meet its peer.

Each of the copies of Catalog 38, which we will send, will be so marked that all chance of misunderstanding will be eliminated, and, in the hands of the men in the shop, they will become a ready source of information on Drills and Reamers — Their Uses and Abuses. This in itself will promote a better, a wider and a more healthy interest in and knowledge of the tools, resulting in a better use of them for you. Worth going gunning for certainly — and the cost? Please don't embarrass us.

Just tell us how many you can distribute to advantage — be sure to tell us that you want them for *shop distribution* — and we'll send 'em with our compliments, as a means of helping you get more holes per drill — and by the way, have you a copy of our *New Catalog Number 39*? That's a personal question, I know, but they do say that it is "the best and most convenient catalog in the field." Of course we just hate to admit the allegation — being one of the six original bashful violets — but just the same we will appreciate it if you will use your letterhead in writing us for "Cleveland" de luxe Catalog Number 39 — the catalog that needs no "follow-up."

Use the Enclosed
Postal
in reserving copies
of our
Catalog Number 38
for shop distribution



No.
930

H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling
D

Another Hit

THE new Ezy-Out Screw Extractor Sets, announced in July Drill Chips, have scored a tremendous hit—and no wonder.

Now there's an Ezy-Out Set for *every trade*.

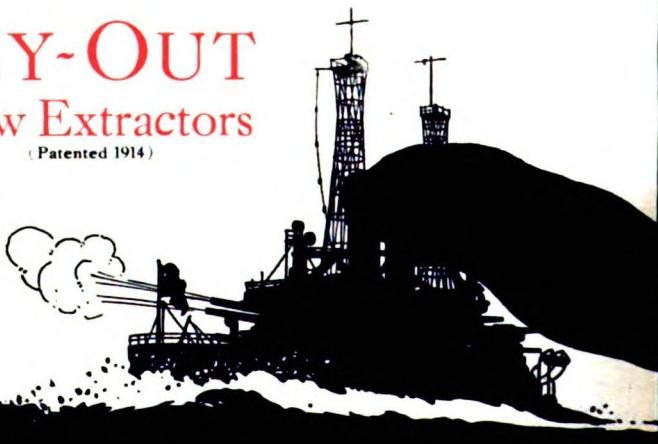
Anyone can now extract a broken set or cap-screw, stud, staybolt, pipe fitting, etc., in a fraction of the time hitherto required.

Ask your dealer for a copy of "THE BEST WAY OUT." It minutely describes

◆ EZY-OUT Screw Extractors

(Patented 1914)

*The only tool
expressly de-
signed for the
removal of
broken screws*





**Don't fergit
to mail
that there
Postal, Hiram!**

If you do, one of these days you're going to be hung up for an hour or two by a broken screw.

Foresight, me boy, foresight! It is one of the most valuable of virtues.

Send the postal today and have "The Best Way Out" ready for use when your emergency arises.

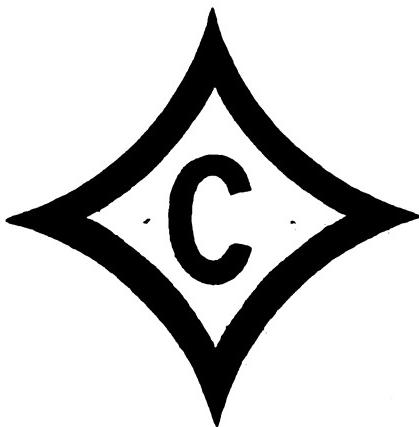
P. S. A set or cap screw never breaks at a convenient time or place for a man without an Ezy-Out Screw Extractor Set.

THE CLEVELAND ♦ TWIST DRILL CO.

New York

CLEVELAND

Chicago
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John C. Smith 1927

THE NEW YORK
TELEGRAPH

DRILL CHIPS



O C T O B E R

Our September Issue

“The Fighting Industry Issue”

aroused so much com-
ment and interest that
we have prepared an
additional quantity for
distribution on request.

How many for you?

DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents per Copy

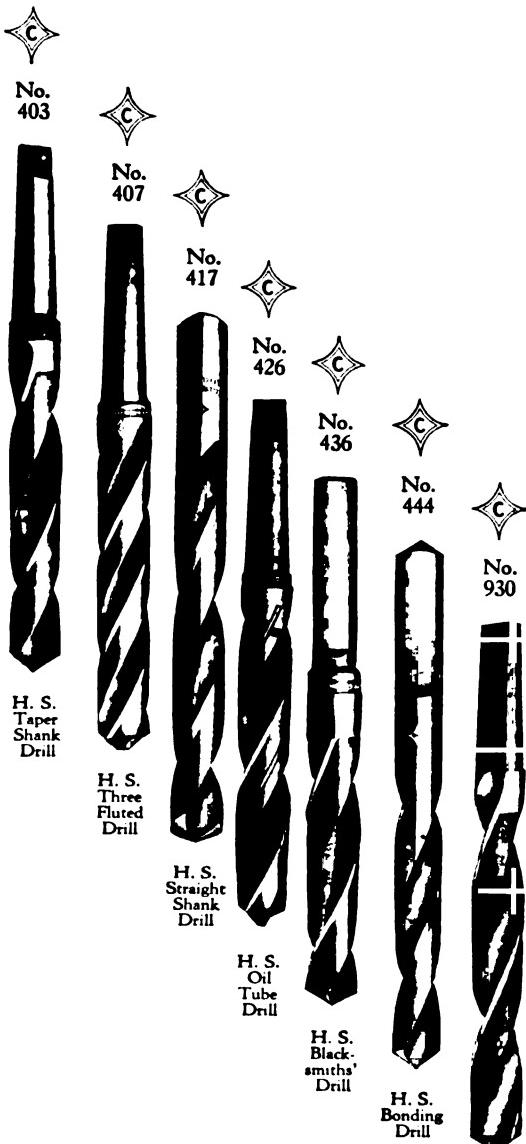
C. H. Henderson, Editor

AMERICA'S FIVE-YARD LINE

(AN ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER IT)

FOR six months I have suspected as much. Specks of somber khaki colored cloth amongst the multi-colored gaiety of the Sunday promenade have partially confirmed my dark forebodings. Posters, tucked away in inconspicuous spots about town, have further fomented my suspicions. Moreover, an aunt by marriage has a second cousin who's been drafted, and that sounds right serious. What's more, the newspapers and the people are talking about it quite generally.

Apparently, if the above signs are to be reckoned as creditable evidence, we are at war. But I don't *really* believe it. Neither do you. Of course I have read that the Germans have captured Hill 9978, that General Pershing has hung a wreath upon Napoleon's tomb, and that the Russians have evacuated a town with a name like a disease. I have read all that, and I have lamented the lamentable and applauded





the applaudable
with good Chris-
tian temperance.
But other than
that - - - - ?

The trouble
with us, the
trouble with our
voluntary enlist-

Voluntary enlistments, the trouble with our price-fixing program and our strikes, the trouble with America today, is that *we are not at war spiritually*. We're only at war diplomatically and, to a certain extent, physically, but even these two *combined* are insufficient.

Before America can acquit herself as she should, before she can fight as you and your children will want her to fight, one hundred million *souls*—not just 500,000 soldiers—but one hundred million *souls* have got to be at war, and at war with their whole hearts and minds.

Today, I say, we are at war only in a physical sense. We're no more at war spiritually than we were two years ago, if as much. Is this, our present condition of mental callousness, desirable in a Nation advancing toward a conflict the least of whose battles dwarfs Gettysburg into insignificance? We will not ask your answer, for it must be "No." The thing that should interest us is the reason for our mental torpidness, and the remedy therefor.

The reason is not far off. Turn back a little way and observe the trend of events.

You will remember, without undue prompting, that we never really *went* to war. We just *drifted* warward. We drifted so slowly that the roar of Mars' Niagara accustomed itself to our ears, and lost its horrors for us. Like men in a boiler shop, we heard the mighty din but little, engrossed as we were amongst the petty noises of our personal affairs.

They say that a frog, if immersed in cold water which is gradually raised to boiling, will be boiled alive until he is quite dead without evincing any symptoms of discomfort. But this curious manifestation of nature's laws is not limited to frogs alone, for we, the people of America, are now displaying a similar phenomenon. We were told months back that we were drifting into "a world aflame," and we drifted according to the forecast. But so gradually did we progress from tepid to summer heat, and from summer heat to boiling hell, that the process occasioned us no considerable inconvenience or mental shock *en route*. Like Monsieur Frog, we have been boiled alive without realizing the fact. Therein we have one reason for our present state of mental torpidness.

But there is another and related



No. 403



H. S.
Taper
Shank
Drill



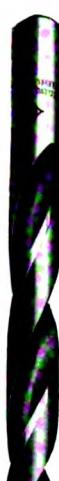
No. 407



H. S.
Three
Fluted
Drill



No. 417



H. S.
Straight
Shank
Drill



No. 426



H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill



No. 436



H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill



No. 444



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



No. 930



H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's

raving maniacs



reason. When we did at last declare war upon the German hosts, we declared it long after the psychological moment for the declaration had passed. When the Lusitania sank was one large and thriving psychological moment. Had we flung down the gauntlet at that time, one hundred million crazy, raving maniacs would have risen up, and only a little heat applied at intervals would have kept us fighting hot, whilst the swords were being forged from plowshares.

But, we missed that psychological moment. We got mad, we boiled, we bellowed, we ate buckets of Teuton blood for breakfast and ground their bones to fertilizer for our farms, we screamed for a pen to put our name upon the dotted line of War's Declaration—but no pen was forthcoming, and our righteous anger, in the face of the frigid frown of stern neutrality, petered away, leaving us cold, clammy and calloused to the lesser shocks ensuing.

The above is not said in the spirit of criticism. It is merely an attempt to find out why we still find Mrs. Casey leaning over the back fence and saying to Mrs. Murphy, "Maggie, ain't this war a turrible thing though—but how is your house-cleanin' comin' on, and did your old man come home canned again last night?" Mrs. Murphy and her attitude are typical of the Average American—fiddling away about house-cleaning

and comparatively trivial tasks whilst Rome is a-burning not many miles away.

And so, today, partly because we drifted into war by unnoticeable degrees, and partly because we had no psychological moment for the declaration of war, we find ourselves not only not awake to the thing, but not even *awakening*. Oh, true enough, war is pussyfooting in our factories, war is tip-toeing along our coastal harbors. But it isn't *our* war—it's still just war, *A* war—vague, indefinite, far away both in time and space.

I say to you, on this sunny morning in October, that this is not the right condition, our mental attitude is wrong. It is not healthy. We are stagnated mentally. We are a mental swamp—smooth, unruffled, chilly, choked with a vast indifference, and, like all stagnant pools, a breeding place for weakness, unrest and disinclination for the stress and strain that is to come.

This calm in which our mental and emotional sails now lie idly flapping should be a seething storm of Patriotism, a storm well under control, 'tis true, but a storm none the less. It should be a raging mass of sensible enthusiasm and—I almost fear to say it—of *hate*.

There are those who scoff at the Germans' "Hymn of Hate," but there's not a little something in it. Can any nation fight a good fight without that kindling spark of honest hatred that





lightens the adversary's blows and lends the strength of anger to the arm? Can either a private individual or a body politic fight at their best until they are mad — fighting mad? For answer, I'll just refer you to your boyhood days when it took a swift swipe on the nose to start your "mighty right" to working at its best.

We're not mad today. We're just grieved. We're not steeled by patriotic and well-ordered anger to withstand the buffeting that is to come. Without this battling spark of madness we can be but complaining brothers, giving but grudgingly, unsatisfied and ever questioning the merit of our sacrifice.

Washington must know this. It must realize that a national *refrigerator* is no place in which to stage a finish fight. Yet Washington, to my way of thinking, is doing nothing to arouse the nation from its lethargy. On the contrary, it is apparently doing its utmost to keep this war — *our* war — a back-alley affair. The rumble of preparations, the signs and symbols that make the pulse beat faster, have been shoved off stage. In their place we are fed on foodless generalities, soporific soup and similar iced delicacies, calculated to keep our already frigid blood at a constant and ladylike temperature, and our pulse and respiration regular as becomes one enjoying a deep and dreamless slumber. Where the fountainhead of bubbling, authoritative *enthusiasm* should be, we find an icy void that rivals space in its frigidity.

I, for one, object to the blanket of hush that has been spread o'er the land. Do not misunderstand me—I favor legitimate censorship. What I object to is the *poor salesmanship*—and it is nothing else—which has been displayed in selling this war to the American Nation. We were ready to buy this war unquestioning when the Lusitania sank. But we were asked to postpone action, and for a fitting cause, I know. I do not complain of the postponement. But, while we waited, we lost our interest in the war and our desire to buy it. This was only natural. But now, when we *have* the war, no effort is being made to re-awaken that interest, to re-arouse that desire, to re-provoke that action. The reverse is the case. Now that we have this War Machine in our homes we are asked—not to take it to our bosoms, to fondle it and make much of it—but rather, to observe it unemotionally, mathematically, frigidly, with the cold and fishy eye of the emasculated critic.

And I—even I—object. Wars aren't won by men or shells or machines alone. Wars are won by the emotions of the men in the trenches, by the emotions of the men back home, by the *emotions* of the women who give the men. The college crew of today can outrage any of your galley slaves of Rome, and why? They are no stronger, their physical equipment is no better. But their *mental equipment*, their *will to win*, their *emotions*, are different. In 1898 we had emotions. Indeed it is rumored that little else was in our war chest at the time. Yet we won with astonishing ease, even though the inadequacy of the antagonist be given due consideration.



YOU'RE STU

WHY SHOULD the *body* of a high speed reamer
of *high speed steel*?

Does it do any real work? No, it just serves as a base for the blades. Then why make it of expensive high speed steel? A high speed steel *body* is just a needless tax, levied by the manufacturer and a failure to get acquainted with —

"PEERLESS" HIGH SPEED REAMERS

"Peerless" Reamers eliminate that tax. They have carbon steel *bodies*, into which the high speed steel blades are "Brazed - Hardened" (it's a patented process) thus producing a one-piece, high speed reamer of *great toughness* and *cutting power*. *BUT minus the tax* you've been paying for the *luxury* of purchasing high speed steel *bodies*.

Be Honest with Yourself—
Send the Enclosed Postal.

IMPED!!

er be made

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by custom



No.
426



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930

H. S.
Oil
Tube
Drill

H. S.
Black-
smiths'
Drill

H. S.
Bonding
Drill

H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



But today, with a million times more cause for war and a billion times more proof before us, we are as emotional as a rag doll; we are cold, aloof, critical and, I fear, ready to complain like a galley slave, and unready to bite our lips to blood in order to win the day. Have we made our meaning clear?

Wars are fought by steel, but wars are *won* by the emotions that actuate that steel. Where there is the will there's the way, and the will to win is an *emotion*. The proof of this statement may be had a dozen times a day. For instance—when the football team are on their own five-yard line, they are no stronger physically than before, yet how seldom does the ball get through their impregnable defense. It's then that their *emotions* come into play.

Are emotions—the emotions of a *nation*—negligible assets? Are they valueless? It would seem so, for today our emotions—those wells of pent-up strength—are being kept under lock and key, and I object, because, now that we are *in* this war, I want to know that it is *our* war—*your* war and *mine*—I want to feel that we're in it *to the ultimate end of our strength*—and that, my friends, is a thing very quickly reached when your heart isn't in the job.

But what's the remedy for all this hardening of our emotional arteries? I confess that none now appears ready at hand. We passed the critical period of our emotional heat some time ago. Since then we have cooled, to remain untempered and still soft. But the game is not lost. Some little thing, only a slogan perhaps, a personality to tie to, anything that will give our righteous indignation a chance to come out and sun itself and revive its waning life is the necessity of the hour.

This spark that will set our hearts ablaze need not be an unwieldy firebrand. Some minor incident may turn the trick—a graphic story, a popular leader, one appealing to the imagination,

like General Wood or Roosevelt—a battle cry that will conjure with the imagination—who can tell its form or shape? But the man who catches this blazing brand, recognizes it and passes it on to the hands of the American people, will do a greater service for the cause of Democracy than he who builds a hundred ships or a thousand shells, for he'll put America on her "five-yard line," fighting mad and resolved to win regardless of the cost. It is this spirit that counts in the great game of Life and Death.

Must we wait until the saffron clouds of war hang low o'er our streets, until our avenues stream with maimed and crippled men, until the shock of war's realities stuns us into inactive horror — must we wait until then before we begin to awaken and steel ourselves with the wrath of a Nation aroused to fighting pitch? I hope not.

Therefore I say, unleash our emotions, Mr. President, for when History is written, I want America to be no lifeless postscript on the page, but a live and living thing, reaching its hand into every line; if I must die for Democracy I want the crowds back home behind me in my struggle. I want to know that they're cheering, rooting, pushing and fighting with me. I myself want to be *sold* on the necessity of my sacrifice — and it takes an appeal to the emotions to consummate any sale, be it for a washing machine or a war.

You've sold my head, Mr. President, but my heart is still unsold and unready to give the fullness of its strength. If America is to be an Ally, let it be one with strong, hot pulses—not just a reflex pulsing of surface sympathies—if we are to fight let us fight with the unified heartbeat of a nation at war, and at war *not* with steel and iron and brains alone, but with its *uttermest heart and soul*.

NOTE — As a result of our offer in August "Chips" several thousand of our readers requisitioned quantities of our former Catalog No. 38 for shop distribution. The demand was so great that the supply of Number 38 was early exhausted. If you didn't get yours that's the answer. But there's something more important — have all your departments a copy of our new Catalog Number Thirty-Nine? It contains all the new lists effective July 1st and supersedes all previous issues.

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Page Eleven



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
" "



WHY SOAK THE SAMARITAN?

THERE has been a great deal of gassing going on of late in an effort to prove that every proposed war tax is not only unjust and iniquitous but likewise a gross violation of the Constitution of the United States, the Bill of Rights, the Magna Charta and the Ten Commandments of Israel.

Of course anything that looks like a tax on the other fellow is admitted eminently equitable, but when the wintry wind of taxation blows up our personal pant leg and turns our own loose change pockets outward to the gaze of the passing throng, said tax is forthwith dubbed highly nefarious, heinous and flagrantly flagitious — this last adjective being a fifty-cent word pilfered from a recent tirade against a peculiarly logical tax. It is warranted to mean something scandalous.

We heartily dislike to appear in the midst of this howling chaos of tax mad kickers, for it apparently brands us as one of the horde of special privilege seekers, bent on saving a few sweaty shekels at the expense of Uncle Samuel.

But we are going to risk one wee suggestion — namely that those with the heart and means to be philanthropic be permitted to deduct from their taxable income any and all donations made to recognized charities.

At first glance this plea, like all such, may appear to be dictated by a desire to save some money for those upon whom fortune has smiled. The reverse is the case, however — we ask this, that the *Government* and not the philanthropist may be the saver, and that charities may be better and more economically administered.

Last year not less than \$60,000,000 was donated by private individuals to the charitable institutions of this country. This does not include the immense amount of private, unpublished and personal charities of which there must have been an equal or probably a greater amount. Sixty million dollars is a tidy sum, an interesting sum — doubly interesting when we realize that it represents a like or greater amount saved the State. You question this? Well, just listen —

Suppose that the milk of human kindness, of which Shakespeare speaks at length, was a non-existent commodity upon the market. Suppose no one gave to charities. Suppose the entire burden of charitable work was left to the State. Under such conditions every widow, every orphan, every cripple and pauper would instantly become a drain upon the public purse and upon the public purse *alone*, for no private contributions would lighten the strain.

Do you now see how we can rightly say that every cent spent privately upon charities saves the State a similar sum? In the long run just about so much must be expended; if you don't spend and I don't spend it, the State will *have* to spend it.

But the actual money spent by the non-corporate person is only a share of the saving to the State. There is another side to this question. If we make charitable expenditures subject to the stringent taxes applicable to other expenditures, we will, at the same time, lessen the philanthropist's incentive to give to charities, and we will reduce not only the liberality of his purse but also his personal interest in charities, his close touch with them and the great advantages of his executive ability and direction.

Where the purse is, there the heart is also, and if we tax charitable bequests we will lessen philanthropic interest at a time when both purse and heart are most needed, at a time when charities will require expert help in the highest degree.

The day is coming—if the war continues—when orphaned children and widows and all war's desolate and oppressed will demand the utmost of us with outstretched hands. The machinery of our present charities will be taxed far beyond their ability to properly administer the puny public funds. Even State-insurance of our soldiers will mitigate the total need but in a measure. Therefore, if we are to give proper care to those dependents of our own creating, we must of necessity look to private charities. The State and the Commonwealth are too immense, too slow moving, too given to impersonal and hence unjust rulings, to properly administer the niceties of such charities.

If the wives and the children of the men in the trenches are to be protected and helped as befits our debt to them, the ready and lavish hand and brain of private charities must be invoked. It must not be hindered—rather must we foster it that war's and society's dependents may receive the full measure of the Nation's generosity.



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Bonding
Drill

H. S.
'Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's

AMBUSHED, BY HECK!

HABIT is a terrible thing—(snappy thought, that!) For example, what more insane habit could be concocted than that of enmeshing each new shirt in eighteen gross of those thorns of Satan commonly known as "pins." Dying is another disagreeable habit and a disgrace to modern efficiency. The claw hammer suit habit is the relic of an age when custom demanded that you look like a cross between a head mourner and a hard-shell crab.

Yet, even though we well realize the idiocy of it all, we still continue to pick billions of pins from our shirts, to die, and to parade around in the uniform of a despondent grasshopper—and all because of habit.

Indeed we are of the firm opinion that, by throwing off the autocracy of habit, we could add immeasurably to the joy and lustre of life, for old Kaiser Custom von Habit keeps us wrestling with seemingly insurmountable problems that would vanish into thin air, were we only wise enough to cast aside the shackles with which he binds us. Some deep dope, but isn't it a fact?

For example, today, habit and naught else is preventing many manufacturers from getting the production to which they and their stockholders are entitled. Habit has blinded them to the necessity of changing their methods to synchronize with changing conditions. The new labor, time and money-saving tools constantly appearing on the market—and this tirade is no advertisement for such a tool—how hard they have to fight even after their right to existence is generally admitted, before they break the *habits* that bind their possible customers to old and antiquated methods!

And likewise is habit preventing many manufacturers from obtaining the deliveries which are properly theirs—particularly deliveries on high speed reamers. We know the solution for this condition and, being naturally of a generous and open-handed disposition, we are going to suggest a method of improving deliveries on your high speed reamers, and this *at a saving to yourself*.

But first, my son, you must agree to play fair with yourself and to throw off the bonds of habit, else this knock of opportunity will reach deaf ears, and your delayed deliveries will still continue to give you gray hair, and a more auburn hue to your monthly balance. You agree? Very well. We will now serve this tip.

For years *habit* has held you to the purchase of high speed reamers made entirely of high speed steel — blades and *body* alike. This cute little custom costs you a fat sum each year, but we'll ignore that for the moment. Today this habit of yours, owing to the scarcity of high speed steel, is holding up your deliveries on high speed reamers by weeks and maybe months.

And why (now we'll see if you have thrown Prof. Habit), why do you have to have those reamers made *throughout* of expensive and scarce high speed steel? Why do you have to pay the *tax* in money and time that this type of reamer demands? Your pencils, are they made *throughout* of expensive lead? The valves in your automobile, are they made *throughout* of expensive and scarce tungsten steel? Your machinery, is it made *entirely* of brass, or are only the bushings, where the wear comes, so made?

Then why should your reamers be made *entirely* of high speed steel? Of course the *blades* must be of the high speed stuff, but the *body* — ? Does it do any cutting? Does the *body* do anything except form a backing for the blades? Of course not. Then why in the world waste — and it is a waste — expensive high speed steel upon this inactive body?

Your fountain pen isn't all gold — just the point *where the wear comes*. Those valves in your auto aren't all tungsten steel — just the heads *where the wear comes*. Be consistent. Why lavish expensive high speed steel on a section of your reamers which does not require this generosity?

Suppose we offered you a high speed reamer of exceptional cutting power, toughness and durability; suppose our manufacturing cost on this were less than on the kind which custom has forced you to buy for many years; suppose we shared this saving with you, and offered you deliveries on this reamer that are considerably better than on the antiquated type to which habit has bound you? Suppose all that, are you strong enough to throw off custom and say "Show me"?

If you are strong enough, you'll send the enclosed postal; but if you are still a slave to custom (in spite of your vow) you'll continue to pay a tax in money and time for the luxury of purchasing the reamer decreed by habit but displaced by invention.

P. S. — We are prepared to handle an avalanche of postal cards like the enclosed coming from men proclaiming that they are natives of Missouri.

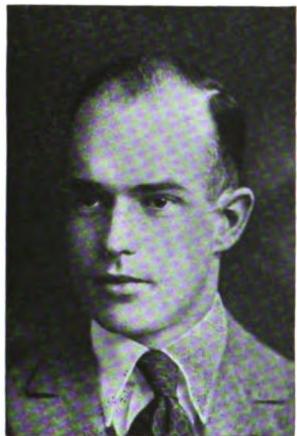


No.
930



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C · T · D · IMMORTALS

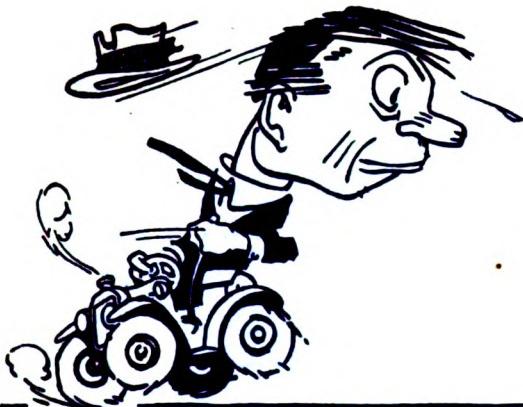
ON a dark and stormy night in mid-December, many moons ago, a shivering bundle of flannel rolled off the rods at Cleveland. Speechless with chill he staggered into our welcoming arms, and mumbled that his name was Herbert, but that father called him "Webb"—which is a short cut to Wetherill—although the folks back home in Philly called him "Gravel"—in recognition of his peerless collection of sun spots.

Consultation with the police—for Webb would never tell—disclosed the astonishing fact that we had become the fortunate possessors of the famous "Gravel" Seckel, who earned deathless fame, a few years ago, by beating the natives of London at their own game of Cricket, and later escaped a big league pitcher's salary by a grim determination to learn the tool

industry from A to Z. We thawed Webb out in the boiler house, but still he continued to complain of the cold. In sheer desperation we threw him into the Sales Department, where things were still hotter; then the smile of satisfaction o'erspread his face and his game of golf improved tremendously, although he still held firmly to the opinion that 't would be nicer to dig sewers in Florida for nothing than to enjoy a prince's salary north of Atlanta.

Under the heat of summer his original blue of cold gave way to the true blue of a tireless, sincere salesman, but we saw that Webb could not last through January's awful blasts. Therefore, in a moment of foresight, we called him into the Holy of Holies and told him that henceforth the sunny South was his for ever and anon.

And before the ink dries on this sheet, the South *will* be his, for no one can resist the slow drawl of "Webby" Seckel. You'll know him, when he comes, by his immaculate mustard-colored suit and an irresistible smile of honest friendship. He has only one fault, but we trust you will excuse it. It's modesty. Webb is so all-fired modest that he refuses to have mirrors in his quarters. We could say a heap of nice things about "Webb," and they'd all be true, every one of 'em, but it would make "Webb" blush and we don't want to offend him now, for he is leaving us—never to return, I fear. Webb will never risk the rigors of another Cleveland winter, and the hospitable spirit of the South will not permit him to depart for long, we know. Therefore, it is with sadness in our soul that we present to you this man—a man whose heart longs for the South, a man whose soul pines for the South, a man who is going south as a clean-cut, sincere and honest apostle of service. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce a man we hate to let go—"Webb" alias "Shivers" Seckel, henceforth of Atlanta, New Orleans, Birmingham and Dallas.



Whoa Boy !! You've Missed Something

THERE'S a cute little card in this issue.
Confidentially we'll tell you it's a post card.
Think of that — a *post* card !!

It will cost you one cent to send this post card back
to us, but it'll cost you a pretty penny to keep it.

Don't be selfish —
Send the Post Card
(We're Collecting 'Em)

After you send it, read pages 8 and 9 of this issue.

The SHOP'S BOOKSHELF

"Complete Catalog No. 39"

Describes, illustrates and lists all "Cleveland" tools and includes a complete handbook on their use. Thumb and cross indexed. The handiest drill and reamer catalog in the field. A real help to every man interested in the purchase or use of drills, reamers, sockets and kindred tools.

"Uses and Abuses"

"Twist Drills—Their Uses and Abuses" is a splendid little volume, giving brief but decidedly brass tack information on drills and drilling. Fully illustrated and written so you can understand it. Every superintendent, foreman and drill press hand should own a copy.

"The Best Way Out"

What do you do when a set-screw breaks off? Fuss and fume with files and punches? No need of it. Send for this little booklet and acquaint yourself with the newest of "Cleveland" tools—the "Ezy-Out" Screw Extractor—the only tool expressly designed for quick removal of broken set and cap screws, studs, staybolts, pipe fittings, etc.

Any of the above books will be sent with our compliments as a means of fostering knowledge of tools and their best use.

"The Fighting Industry"

Do you fully realize the tremendous importance of tools in modern warfare? Even men in the tool industry itself have found this book a distinct shock and a surprise. An epic of its kind; of particular interest to purchasing agents and other executives. You'll keep it for reference.

"High Speed or Carbon Drills?"

A short but amazingly clean-cut discussion of the relative economies of carbon and high speed drills. It makes no attempt to be highly technical, yet it has proven of decided help to both technical and non-technical men in selecting the economical drill for their shop.

"Rob the Scrap Heap"

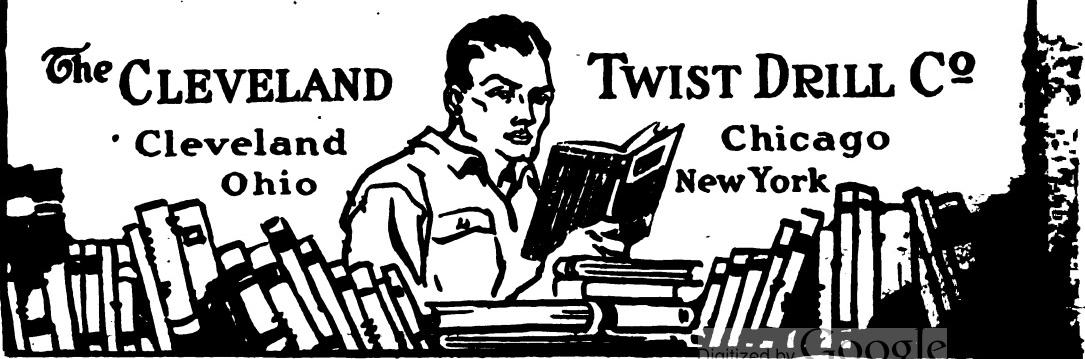
Tells how to recover the taper shank tools that you have scrapped because of broken or twisted tangs. Today every inch of every tool must do its bit. "Rob the Scrap Heap" shows how to obtain full productive life from every taper shank tool—utterly regardless of life of the original tang.

The CLEVELAND

Cleveland
Ohio

TWIST DRILL CO

Chicago
New York



FOR NOVEMBER



Tech. Div.

DRILL CHIPS



You'll Want Several

On page 11 there's an article that will wring a loud "Amen" from every Purchasing Agent. We've reprinted it in neat booklet form, and will be glad to send you a number of these reprints—"for the good of the Industry." Just let us know how many and we'll do the rest—and the charges? Oh, tush, tush!! There are none.

DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
CLEVELAND DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents

per Copy

C. H. Henderson, Editor

WANTED—A REFEREE

Ye Editor's Note (bearing legal interest and then some).—You remember in our last issue we complained that Washington had failed to "sell" this war to the country, and we begged Mr. President to "unleash our emotions and let us get fighting mad."

That issue fell into the hands of none other than Felix Orman—a publicist of national note and one of this country's most talented editorial writers. In this issue he replies to our indictment of Washington with a masterpiece whose length our limited space has, unfortunately, forced us to reduce, but we've left enough of the original to give you the smell of powder—and, to insure your money's worth, we've endeavored to answer Orman's criticism.

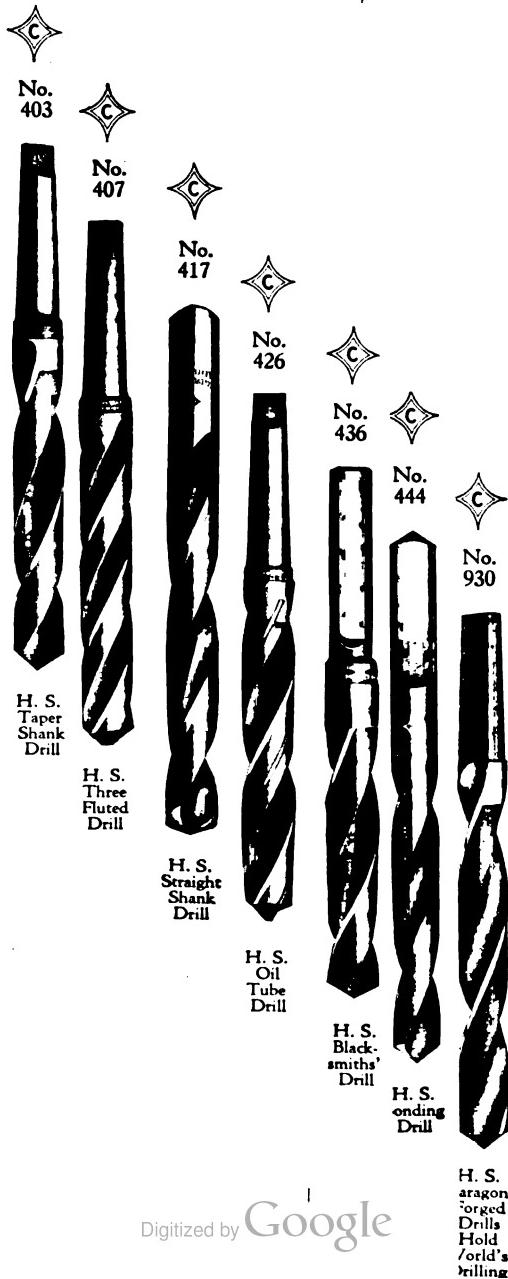
Question before the House—Who wins?

All right, Doc, sound the gong!

Dear Henderson:—

I have read with a great deal of interest your article entitled "America's Five-Yard Line," appearing in October "Drill Chips." I can agree with you in few particulars, however.

Our Government officials may not have done everything with precise accuracy and success, though they have done infinitely better than the officials of the other belligerent countries during the early period of the war; and considering the sudden





"There is a great deal that needs reconstruction in the United States," President Wilson has said. I agree, and most of all, the American *spirit*. We need to have the fires of our spirit kindled, our imaginations stirred; we need to be roused to a broader and finer conception of life. Human nature at best is warped and selfish. The world has witnessed a great civilizing development; but this development has been intellectual, scientific—not spiritual. My own feeling is that the world has suffered a spiritual degeneration, though I think we are at a turning point. Our much advertised reforms have not accomplished a great deal; and in my associations I have generally found that the pious pretenders are the least to be trusted and the least important in social progress.

My personal attitude with regard to the war is, I believe, neither strictly theoretical nor strictly sentimental or emotional. I believe I stand between the two. I believe we should sentimentalize over the war; we should allow our emotions to be stirred by the hideousness of it all; we should feel the needlessness of the entire struggle. Yet, on the other hand, we should reason, even theorize, to the extent of realizing all the developments that led to the European war and to our country's participation in it, and know full well that we are engaged in a splendid undertaking and one that is vitally

necessary for the future of our own country and for the world democracy.

These days I hardly allow myself to reflect over the agony that this world struggle is inflicting upon humanity; yet there is another side, for we all must realize that this war is causing a spiritual awakening. It has not reached us yet, but it will.

So, my friend, let's stop theorizing and exchanging opinions; let's just believe in the war and its purposes and do the best we can.

Sincerely yours,
FELIX ORMAN.

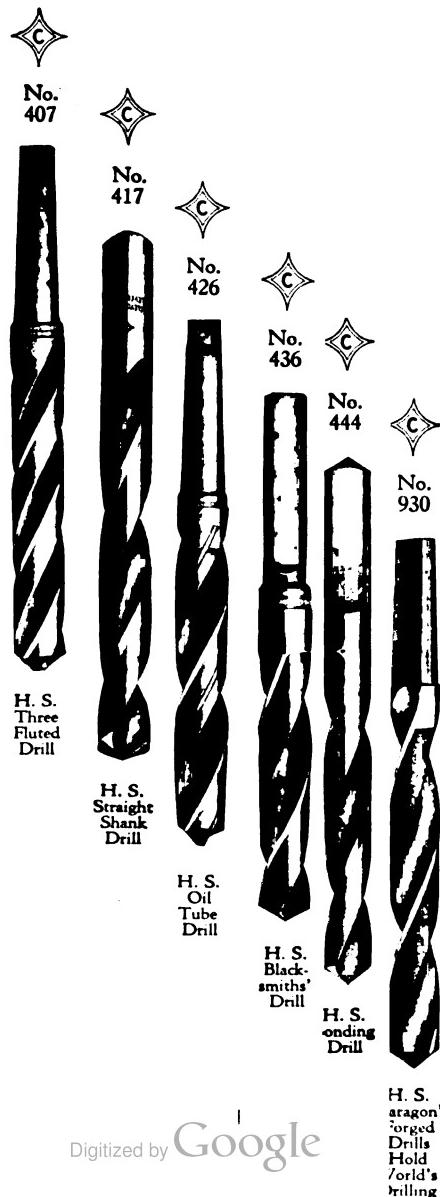
OUR REPLY

Dear Orman:—

The easiest thing in the world to do is to blame "The People." "The People" are a vast intangible body with about as much real substance as a Newport bathing suit. To say that we, the people, are at fault is true enough, but it doesn't get us any place.

If our little discussion is going to accomplish anything, we must endeavor to lay our finger upon the person or group of persons most capable of remedying the present conditions.

To bring things to a head, let us suppose that the Board of Directors of a tremendous industrial plant went before their Stockholders and said, "Our plant is about as profitable as a dance hall at a Methodist campmeeting. We are having strikes and disagreements. Our output is lagging. But we cannot help it. The people are to blame.



*injecting the spirit
(and the injector)*



They are spiritless, uninterested, unequal to the emergencies of the moment."

Suppose that a Board of Directors should say that to their annual meeting of Stockholders. What would happen?

A large gentleman, with a voice like a tunnel explosion and a jaw like the prow of a dreadnaught, would heave up at the end of the mahogany table and suggest that the Board of Directors, if necessary, *inject* into the people the necessary spirit. He would say, "If you haven't the people you want, *go out and get them*. If you haven't the assistance you need, *go out and get it*. Why do we have a Board of Directors if they cannot interpret our requirements and fill them likewise?"

And what is Washington but the *Directors* of a vast industrial establishment employing a hundred million workers? Today strikes, disagreements, lassitude and spiritlessness are disrupting the harmony of the organization and injuring the quality and quantity of the output.

True, the people—we employees of Washington—are to blame. We are basically at fault. But who's to remedy the situation—we or our Managing Directors?

Our Directors—Washington, Congress and the rest—what are they doing to weld us into a united, fighting whole? Much, I know. But *much has yet to be done*, and it never can be done unless Washington realizes the task before it. I do not say this task is an easy one. It isn't. But the *enormity of the task is*

no excuse for Washington's failure to sense its importance and to tackle it with the materials at hand.

And Washington has these materials. No greater nor more powerful machinery exists for forming public opinion, for arousing nations, than that at the command of Washington.

Why doesn't Washington use this machinery? Why don't they endeavor to sell this war to America?

You say that a war should not have to be "sold." Perhaps not, yet did you ever stop to think that *every* war has been sold—sold by a great overshadowing national catastrophe that snaps the trigger on the bomb shell of public fury?

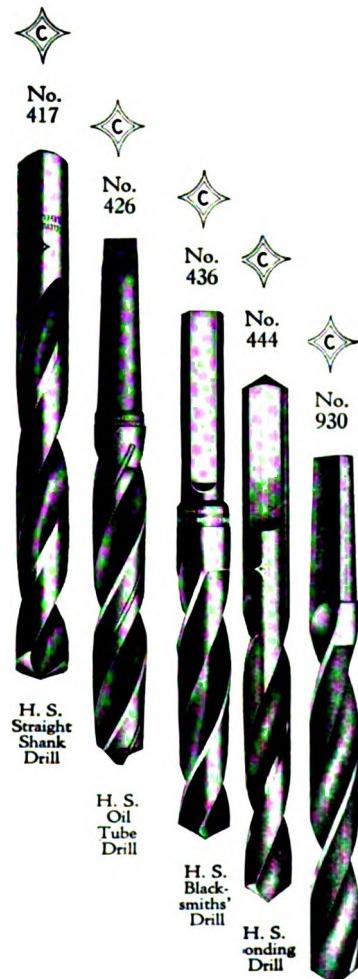
But this war was no bombshell. It was a time-fuse affair. When the explosion came, the effect on public opinion was negligible, because the powder had been dissipated throughout the length of the fuse, and little was left for the bombshell of WAR itself.

Washington was not to blame for this condition. The People were not to blame for it. We and our Directors at Washington are the *victims of circumstances* over which neither of us have much control. We people, however, have a certain excuse for our present lassitude. But our Directors have no such excuse—because they are Directors, and *Directors are expected to make circumstances serve their purposes and not to become victims of them.*

We—the people—should have sprung from two years of artificial and forced neutrality into belligerency in a flash. But the fact remains that we didn't, because the



Page Seven



A \$200,000

America's Manufacturers, during the past year, saved over \$200,000 worth of high-speed steel by specifying

PEERLESS HIGH ◊ SPEED REAMERS

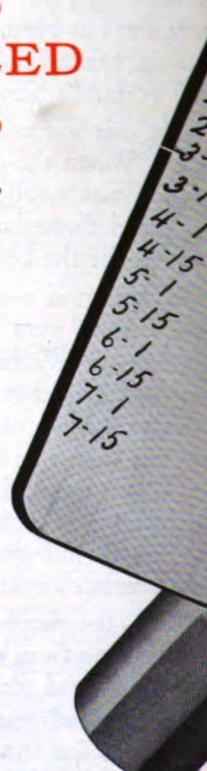
And they increased the quality of their reamers

We—who make reamers of *all* styles—say without hesitation that

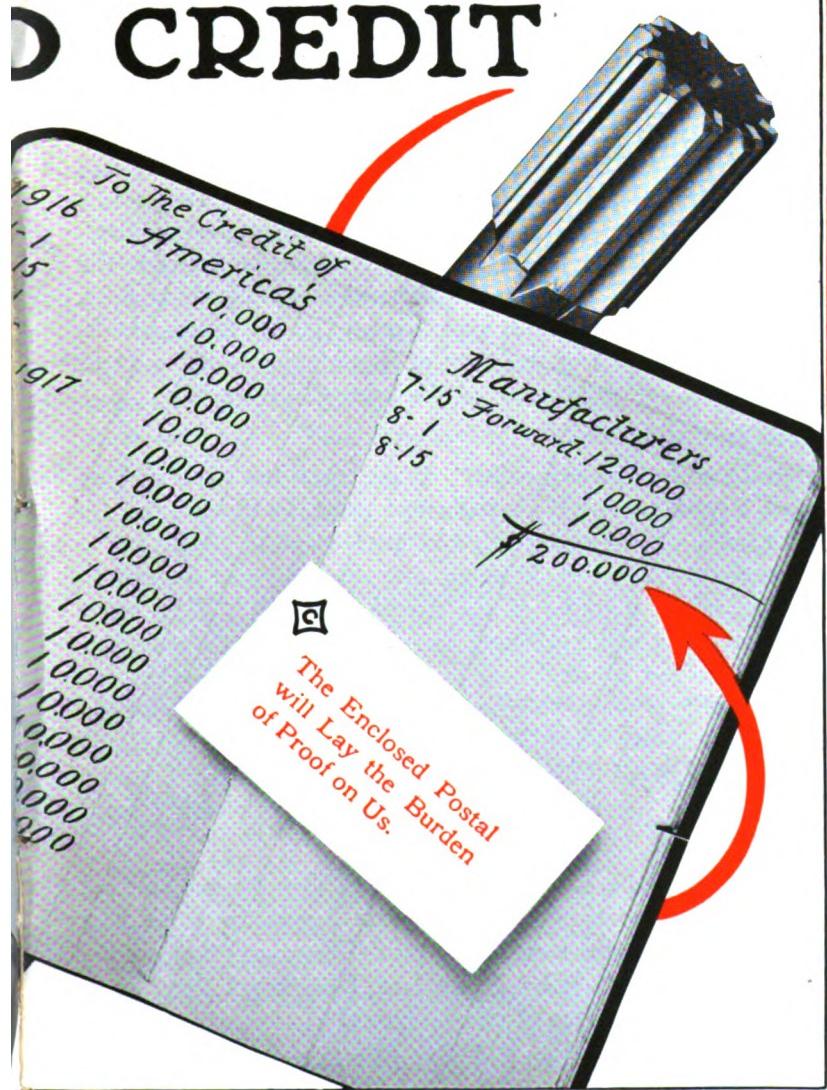
Peerless is Our Best High-Speed Reamer

Yet—by reason of certain patented and proven manufacturing economies—"Peerless" Reamers actually cost you less than the ordinary, old-time variety

21
MAY
1945
1945



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circumstances surrounding our declaration of war had sapped our initial buoyant enthusiasm and dampened our flaming zeal for war.

This being the case, it is now the duty of Washington—our Directors—to sell this war to us. Owing to the circumstances surrounding our declaration of war, Washington has not the usual spontaneous enthusiasm to aid it

in this sale. Therefore it must look to other and less easy methods, for it is now undeniably the duty of Washington—the duty of our Directors—to inject into us the spirit which we lack.

How can it be done?

You decry the "sensationalist." Washington has none such on its staff, I grant you. This is their misfortune, for today is the day when a sensationalist is needed, and needed sorely. Who but a sensationalist—if you would damn him with this name—can stop the sober, selfish thinking of the American People? Who but a sensationalist can make us forget the cost? Who but a sensationalist can "fire our spirits," "stir our imaginations," "develop our spiritual life?" (I quote your letter.) Who but a sensationalist can arouse the emotions which we agree are now dormant and dead? Will sober judgment do it? Will cold hard facts do it? I hardly think so. But the sensationalist, with his emotion-firing stuff, will do the work.

Washington has none such. Why don't they go out and get them? Why don't they get someone to supply the flame that usually surrounds the declaration of war? Why don't they get the assistance they need? Why do we have Directors if they are to remain the passive victims of circumstances?

Washington has a job on its hands. To accomplish this regeneration of the nation's emotions will be a day's work for a Hercules.

But let's quit arguing who's at fault. It gains us nothing. The question is, "Who can arouse this nation to a pitch of enthusiasm where a strike will be considered anarchy, where a seditious utterance will be justification for some ready justice; who can lift this nation out of itself—but Washington?"

No one but Washington has the tools. No one but Washington has the power and ability to use any or all of them. No one but Washington has the machinery for swaying public sentiment. No one but Washington—and if Washington doesn't use this, its sole ability, who's to blame? The people or Washington?

Washington is the doctor—the only doctor—in this case. We, the people, are sick—spiritually sick. If the only doctor in the country refuses to consider our case, refuses to minister to us with the remedies at hand, who's at fault, my friend? Who's at fault—the patient or the doctor?

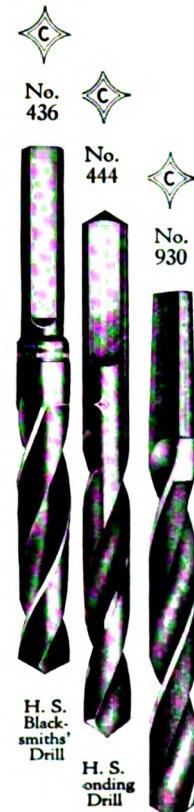
YOUR BIG CHANCE

TO DAY is a day of unusual opportunity for foremen and others engaged in the use of tools—and by tools we do not mean just drills and reamers, but *all* tools and *all* supplies.

Today, if there is one thing more than all else that keeps your plant running full time, it is foresight—the ability to look ahead, not weeks alone but *months*—the ability to know what you are going to need and how much you are going to need, not next month alone but next May, June and July.

Today you are running full time. And why? Because someone in your plant knew what tools and supplies you would need this month, and knew it *last August*.

This may seem like an exaggeration, but it isn't. Today's conditions are such that your purchasing agent can no longer call up his supply dealer and say, "Send me out a gross



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.....



of this and a dozen of that, this afternoon." He can call his supply dealer but he won't get the stuff, because no supply dealer today has a gross of *anything* on his shelves. He has got to write to the manufacturer to get the stuff, and the manufacturer — owing to the tremendous demand for his product — won't be able to ship for five, six, yes, even *eight* months—and then maybe he will be able to ship only *half* your order.

What does that mean? It means that much of the stuff you are using today was ordered in June and July of this year. It means that *the stuff you are going to need next month and next May and next June must be ordered today*—if you're going to have it when you want it.

Your purchasing department, unaided, cannot foretell that on the tenth of this coming January you are going to need eight dozen five-sixteenth inch high speed drills. They can't know that you are going to need two dozen grinding wheels on the tenth of next April unless you yourself—you shop men—tell them so *today*.

But how are you going to tell what you'll need in March, April and May of 1918? You *can't* tell exactly, but you *can* forecast your requirements with enough accuracy so that *your department will not be forced to shut down for lack of supplies*.

Sit down and go over your requisitions on your purchasing department for the past six or eight months. Figure out how much you have used of this and of that, and the quantity of product turned out during that period. Take these figures to your purchasing agent. He'll be glad to get them, for it will enable him to foresee your needs six months before the need arises.

Co-operate with your purchasing agent as never before. Don't go to him today and expect to get the stuff tomorrow or for many tomorrows. Every bit of material that you are using in your plant today was probably ordered three, four and possibly six months ago. Every ounce of supplies and every tool that you are going to use next May and June should be ordered *today*.

See that it is ordered—and *today*. If it isn't ordered, when you are up against it, don't blame the purchasing department—you are the one at fault, not they.

It is by taking the initiative and by forecasting even your smallest need by many months that you can best demonstrate your insight into present-day conditions and your ability to combat them.

Today is your opportunity to show that, when the emergency arises, you have the foresight to anticipate your needs—the foresight that will keep your plant running full blast and unhampered by shortages of any sort.

NOTE:—The above article has been reprinted in booklet form for distribution on request.

AND THE WOMEN AREN'T ALONE—(OH, NO)

IF THERE'S a better place to study human nature than in a lawyer's office, it's in a woman's clothing store, and I ought to know what I'm talking about, 'cause I ran one of those emporiums once. Once was enough. The stockholders agree with me on that.

We were located in one of those amateur towns where a chap named Fish presided over the destinies of the populace. If you didn't have a Fish in your name, you weren't in it at all. Fish owned the mill, the six-story skyscraper on the public square, fourteen saloons, three cafes, eight aldermen, a church, and the biggest line of unpaid bills in the county. In fact the only people who paid their bills in that burg were the "wops," who didn't have a rating in the local Blue Book.

Blue Book? Sakes alive, man, that town was so full of blue-bloods that every mine promoter in the country had it marked with a star on his sucker list. And my *Bon Marche'* catered to the bluest of the local beauties. We were just as blue as any of them—we were so blue that we had to use French to fittingly express ourselves in our advertising. No one understood what we were trying to say—we didn't always ourselves—but this little linguistic idiosyncrasy of ours lent a camouflage of aristocracy to the place that was indispensable.



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
aragon'
forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



We had other idiosyncrasies, too. For instance, when we saw one of the local Fishes swinging into view, all our prices advanced fifty per cent. We couldn't help it. When this blue-blooded stock was about, we didn't *dare* price anything at what it was worth. We couldn't *afford* to. The blue-blooms wouldn't *let* us.

These aristocrats from "up on the hill" never paid less than sixty dollars for *anything*, and they generally announced the fact with sufficient vehemence so

that the door-monkey could here it with ease. They were of the sort who wouldn't think of buying Manhattan Island for \$35, but if the price were ten million, with credit unquestioned, they'd have fought for a chance at the bargain. To offer them a toothpick at less than \$60 would have been reckoned an insult.

Therefore to satisfy these customers—and satisfaction, you know, is the goal of all good salesmanship — we were often forced to sell them \$35 values, which they particularly admired, for a paltry \$60 or \$75 — depending on the percentage of indigo and self esteem that coursed through the veins of the willing victim.

All married men present will please rise at this point and intone a soulful "Amen." Such, say you, is the nature of womenfolk the world over. We men-folk on the other hand, we MEN folk never bite at such tinsel trappings! Oh, no. Price cuts no figure with us. We are past masters at judging values, and price in no way influences our decisions.

Ah, but not so fast, Theodore. Menfolk *have* fallen into the slothful habit of considering price the real test of value. For illustrative purposes, if you will pardon me, I will recite another personal anecdote which well illustrates my contention. Any tool user will appreciate the aptness of this illustration.

You and a number of others have been purchasing high-speed reamers with great regularity. We hope you keep it up. These reamers have proven perfectly satisfactory and therefore you have continued their use — for which ourselves and a number of other reamer manufacturers are duly thankful.

But these reamers of high-speed steel are deucedly expensive—the most expensive in *first cost* of all reamers. It is because of their *ultimate economy* that

you have clung to them. But all the time you have been hoping and praying that some long-haired genius would come along and reduce this shocking first cost while still retaining the manifest superiorities of the high-speed reamer over the carbon type.

As a direct result of your prayers, in 1907—that's ten years ago—an innovation in high-speed reamers was publicly announced. This new type of high-speed reamer was of unusual stamina, rigidity, toughness and staying power. Yet because of certain practical economies possible in its manufacture, it cost appreciably less than the old-time type which you had been using.

When this long-hoped-for reamer was announced, you sang a song of praise. At last your desires were realized. "Me for that new reamer," thinks you—but immediately you began to reason as did Mrs. Astoria Fish Van Whiffly of Yanktown, "This reamer costs less, therefore it is less valuable. I will be swell and stick to the high-priced variety."

You forgot that the cotton gin made cotton cheaper, but none the less valuable. You forgot that Ford made walking expensive. You forgot the teachings of the ages, and fell back into the medieval reasoning which says, "The thing that costs most is most valuable. Cost-reducing inventions are rubbish."

That process of reasoning occurred inside your cranium ten long years ago, and it has reoccurred at intervals. Last year you reasoned that way, and you ought to be ashamed to admit it, because, last year, men who refused to reason in the old rut saved themselves and their country over \$200,000 worth of high-speed steel, and for their mental alertness *they enjoyed a better high-speed reamer than did you.*

You might have helped to pile up that saving of \$200,000 worth of high-speed steel. You might have saved your share—but the fact remains that you didn't. However, be of good cheer. We have nailed Opportunity outside your door, and she is now rattling the knob. The enclosed postal will put you into intimate touch with the reamer you've been praying for—a reamer that is high-speed in every detail but the price.

Again permit us to call your attention to the postal. It is a perfectly unselfish request on our part, because we make both the old and the new type of reamer.



Just a Handy Handful, But—

When one of those nasty *little* screws
breaks off, there's nothing that will get
it out as quickly and neatly as an

EZY-OUT

(Patented 1914)

Screw Extractor Set



The illustration
shows No. 15
Ezy-Out Set.
Ask your dealer
to show you the
other sizes—
there are twelve
of them in all.



There's an Ezy-Out Set for every size and sort of work.
"The Best Way Out" tells all about these splendid tools.

SEND FOR IT

ARE YOU AN ARISTOCRAT?

READ the clothing store story on page 13. Then, if you keep the enclosed postal card, it is positive proof that you are an aristocrat and are entitled to wear silk underwear. But if you send the postal you are democratic, which is much more fashionable this year

BE FASHIONABLE
• BE CANNY •
SEND THE POSTAL

The SHOP'S BOOKSHELF

"Complete Catalog No. 39"

Describes, illustrates and lists all "Cleveland" tools and includes a complete handbook on their use. Thumb and cross indexed. The handiest drill and reamer catalog in the field. A real help to every man interested in the purchase or use of drills, reamers, sockets and kindred tools.

"Uses and Abuses"

"Twist Drills—Their Uses and Abuses" is a splendid little volume, giving brief but decidedly brass tack information on drills and drilling. Fully illustrated and written so you can understand it. Every superintendent, foreman and drill press hand should own a copy.

"The Best Way Out"

What do you do when a set-screw breaks off? Fuss and fume with files and punches? No need of it. Send for this little booklet and acquaint yourself with the newest of "Cleveland" tools—the "Ezy-Out" Screw Extractor—the only tool expressly designed for quick removal of broken set and cap screws, studs, staybolts, pipe fittings, etc.

Any of the above books will be sent with our compliments as a means of fostering knowledge of tools and their best use.

"The Fighting Industry"

Do you fully realize the tremendous importance of tools in modern warfare? Even men in the tool industry itself have found this book a distinct shock and a surprise. An epic of its kind; of particular interest to purchasing agents and other executives. You'll keep it for reference.

"High Speed or Carbon Drills?"

A short but amazingly clean-cut discussion of the relative economies of carbon and high speed drills. It makes no attempt to be highly technical, yet it has proven of decided help to both technical and non-technical men in selecting the economical drill for their shop.

"Rob the Scrap Heap"

Tells how to recover the taper shank tools that you have scrapped because of broken or twisted tangs. Today every inch of every tool must do its bit. "Rob the Scrap Heap" shows how to obtain full productive life from every taper shank tool—utterly regardless of life of the original tang.

The CLEVELAND

Cleveland
Ohio

TWIST DRILL CO

Chicago
New York



DECEMBER

1917

THE NEW YORK

DRILL-CHIPS.

The

Postman will soon stagger
in bearing Our Christmas
Greetings and the

1918

"CLEVELAND" CALENDAR

entitled

"The Men Behind the Gun"

and It's a Beauty (we admit it)

*Watch for It -
'twill be worth
the watching*



DRILL CHIPS

*Issued Monthly to the Elect as
an apostle of the doctrine that
'CLEVELAND' DRILLS DRILL
MORE HOLES PER DRILL*

Ten Cents per Copy

C. H. Henderson, Editor

AMERICA'S SUICIDE

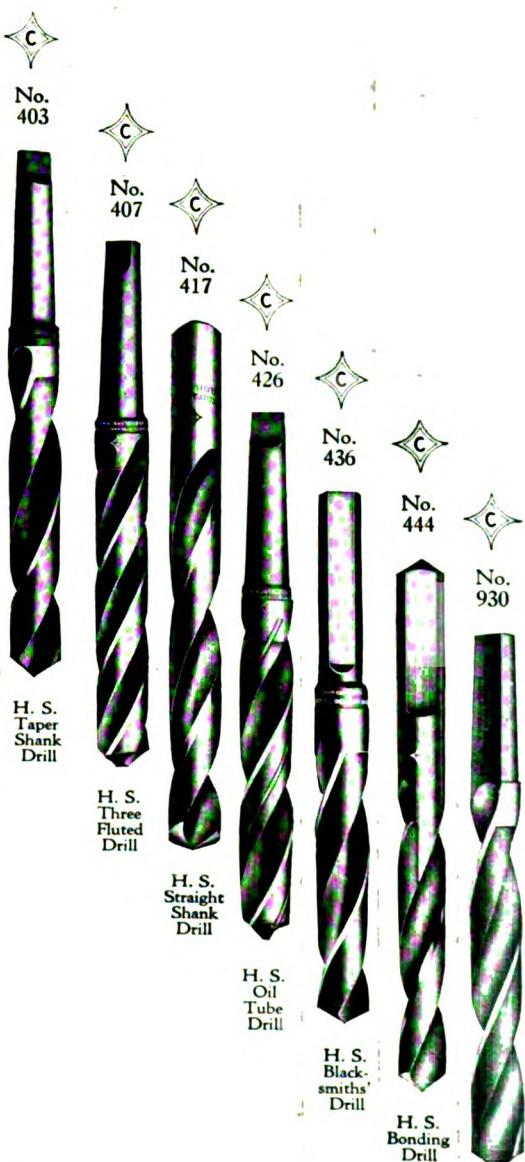
IT IS Christmas Day in Petrograd. On the Field of Mars the bewhiskered Russian rabble—God bless it—is out exercising its new-born freedom.

Dotting the innumerable rostrums are speakers—short and fat ones, long and lean ones, but mostly the barkeep variety. Hear them.

An "American" arises to address the multitude. The crowd *knows* he's an American because he *tells* them so—and what better proof needs a staunch Democrat than the word of another Democrat? This particular speaker, like most of those now decorating the rostrums of Russia, is short and fat.

He brings news from that great Democracy across the sea, he tells the waiting throng. And a cheer steams up into the sky.

And what news do you suppose he carries from the Mother of Democracies? Does he tell of an America seething





with militant industry, of an America solidly behind its President, of an America united to do its bit that Democracy may prosper?

Not on your sweet life he doesn't. He sings of a disunited America, of an America torn by strike and tumult, of an America dismembered by sedition and conspiracy.

And the crowd listens intently to his lying words. A murmur of doubt arises. He perceives it, and immediately breaks out into a red rash of ornate oratory, to support his dispiriting statements. He produces a clipping from an American newspaper. The clipping is genuine enough, unfortunately, and it bears, in flaming headlines, news of a great ship-builders' strike, of a President on his knees in supplication, of labor troubles that will fetter all traffic on the Great Lakes, of fires and explosions here and there, it bears news, seemingly, of the *Disunited States of America*.

The crowd shifts uneasily. "See," says this "American" of the Russian rostrum, "See, America is *against* this war. Her people are not behind their President. America is going to leave you in the

lurch, to the none-too-tender mercies of your enemies. Even her high officials threaten mutiny, for mark you this — ”

Again an eruption of oratory breaks out upon him — oratory with a strange half-hidden savor of Teutonic thickness to the words. “See,” says he, “See what their great and powerful Senator La Follette says.” And then he reads.

“Now will you believe me, friends, when I tell you that America will not come to help you. Give in now, therefore, before it is too late. Give in while there is yet time. Recall your armies from the field, for *America will not fight.*”

▼ ▼ ▼

In Petrograd the snow is falling softly, but a hundredfold *more* softly falls the slow poison of the German propagandists — “America is disrupted. She will leave you. Give in, therefore, before it is too late.”

And these statements and exhortations, and thousands like them, are apparently endorsed by words *from our own tongues* and drippings from the mouths of our Highest.

What of it? What harm can all this do?

Just this my friend.

Along the eastern battlefield, the snow is likewise falling softly in a valley — a valley about three hundred miles long and one or two hundred miles wide, a valley filled to overflowing with the fruits and stores of all Russia, filled with surpassing

No.
403H. S.
Taper
Shank
DrillNo.
407H. S.
Three
Fluted
DrillNo.
417H. S.
Straight
Shank
DrillNo.
426H. S.
Oil
Tube
DrillNo.
436H. S.
Black-
smiths'
DrillNo.
444H. S.
Bonding
DrillNo.
930H. S.
Paragon'
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drills



fertility, filled with enough food to feed all Germany for five years. (I quote Mr. Russell of the Russian Commission.)

At the mouth of that valley

froths the German horde. In front of them, is naught but a thin, a very thin, line of Russian soldiery, a valley filled with provisions, and Moscow—the heart and soul of Russia—lies just beyond.

Behind that Germanic host is the strength of all Germany. Behind that thin, wavering line of Russian Patriots is only the snow, the riches of Russia and the subtle poison of the German propagandists sifting down upon the simple Russian soul—"America is fooling you. Give in, therefore, before it is too late."

My friend, if you were again in your oat-sowing youth, upon which line—the German or the Russian—would your money lie?

And when that crafty poison of the German propagandist strikes the vitals of the Russias, that thin line of Cossacks, of which I have told you, will buckle backward. A wave of field-gray uniforms will rush Moscward. Food—five years' supply for all of Germany—will steam Berlinward. Russia will collapse, and 123

divisions of Teutonic soldiery—drunk with victory—will be released, and the Germanic forces on the western front will be—doubled.

The present stalemate will be broken.

France—that builder of mighty monuments to human sacrifice—will go down. England can support the flood but a little time—and then, on to the coast they'll roll, 246 divisions strong—246 divisions—and the battle of Bull Run will read like a pacifist's Chautauqua.

Russia will go.

France will go.

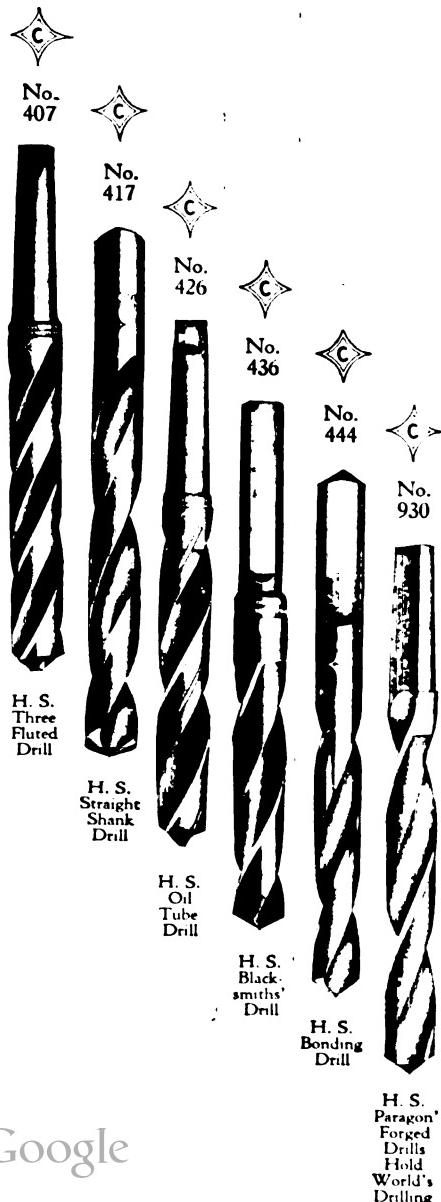
England will go.

And then — — — ?

In the words of the understudy of the Most Highest, in the words of that clever crown prince of Germany, "The plan is to attack and conquer France, after that England, and then—*United States*."

"And then *United States*." This princely upholder of divine right and rule by might, he is no slouch, my friend. He gave vent to that threatening phrase four years ago, almost to the day, and all that now stands between him and the first fruits of his prophecy, all that stands between the fulfilment of his boast and you, your home, and your lightly cherished liberty, is a thin Russian line, rotten with intrigue, a government with as many heads and teeth as the justly celebrated hydra, and the will of a simple folk who are slowly absorbing the American-fed poison of those Berlin-made Americans.

That, sir, is all that stands between you and the abyss of a defensive war, on your own soil,





alone, against the mightiest military power on earth.

And still you sleep and dream of such petty trifles as submarines and Zeppelins near Newport, while behind a thin line of Russian soldiery your Democracy trembles and tilts in the balance.

You sleep and complain peeishly of war taxes and embargoes, while the keen tool of German intrigue is busily at work, severing the chain that binds 123 divisions to their eastern front.

You sleep, and stand idly by while your Senators themselves give forth utterances so Teutonic in their tone that even the Reichstag must curse itself in sheerest envy. You sleep, while all about you base-metaled "Americans" are manufacturing the poisoned ammunition that all too soon will strike back at you from the rostrums on the Field of Mars, in Petrograd.

Awake! Forget such petty baubles as those Zeppelins and submarines. They weigh but lightly in the scales of Victory, for whether they fail or not in their mission is of little consequence *should that thin line of Russian soldiery succumb to the intrigue behind it*—intrigue whose roots lie buried deep in American soil. When that happens, sir, government of the people, for the people, and by the people will perish from this earth, never to reappear until you have washed the stain of America's great suicidal treachery away in the blood of awful battle.

Russia is watching you. A thin line of Russian soldiery holds the measure of your sacrifice, and what are you throwing into the scales?

Behind that little line of soldiery the snow is falling softly, but not one whit less softly falls the deceitful song of those "Americans" who befoul the name "American."

Theirs is a song that is in truth "made in America," and you and I and all of us should be *ashamed*—ashamed and *aroused* to the uttermost depths of our little souls, for we are the ones who must pay the piper.

* * *

ARE YOU WITH US?

YOU'RE not getting your drills, are you? Friends, believe us, we realize the fact—perhaps far better than you think we do, and we well appreciate the difficulties which beset you as a result, and regret them as keenly as do you.

But we're not going to plead an alibi. We will assume any blame there may be for your difficulties—provided only you wish us to, after pondering the facts briefly outlined below. On your decision we are content to rest our case, though always we want you to keep in the forefront of your mind the fact that we want your business and your friendship now as strongly as ever in the past, and that we are striving as never before to deserve them both.

On April sixth, last, this country declared war. Forthwith the call





"THE BEST WAY OUT"

It describes and illustrates all these new and needed tools. Send for it or ask your dealer to show you the set for you. There is a set and size for every industry.

st a Handful - But!

When a set or cap-screw, stud, stay-bolt, or pipe-fitting breaks, it's the *only* tool that will remove the broken section *quickly* and *easily*—



SCREW EXTRACTOR SET

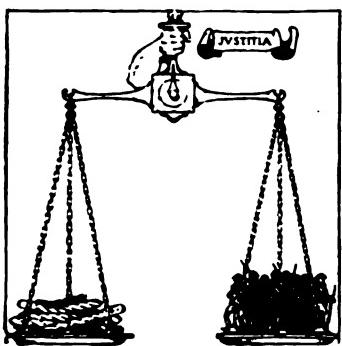
(Pat. 1914)

Just drill a hole in the broken section, insert "Ezy-Out," slap on a tap wrench and *twist* and out comes the broken part in the merest fraction of the time hitherto required, repaying the cost of "Ezy-Out" many times over in time, tools and production saved.

*Keep Your Men on Profit-Making Work—
Have an "Ezy-Out" Screw Extractor Handy*

THE 
CLEVELAND
TWIST DRILL COMPANY
• Cleveland • New York • Chicago •





went forth from Washington for some 22,000 aeroplanes, thousands of rifles, machine guns, shells, ships, freight cars and locomotives, field guns, siege guns, trench mortars and so on *ad infinitum*.
The manufacturers of these products were only partially prepared. They had the shops, they had the men, but *the tools they did not have and could not get* in the tremendous quantities required.

The aeroplane manufacturers turned to their Government and said, "Each of these planes you've asked us to make requires the drilling of 4089 holes. We've got to drill 90,000,000 holes before next April. If you want the planes, give us the drills."

The shell manufacturers said, "The shells for one day's moderate fighting contain over 300 miles of drilled hole. If you want the shells, we've got to get the drills to drill 'em."

The rifle manufacturers built larger shops, hired more men, but they, too, had to turn to the Government and say, "If you want these rifles, if you want these boys in khaki to have the 'stuff' behind them, we've got to drill 94,000,000 holes by next June."

Then came the machine-gun manufacturers, the shipbuilders and all the host of manufacturers who are engaged in upbuilding the nation's militant machine. And their cry was for drills and drills, and then *still more drills*.

In the crisis, our Government turned to us—to all us drill manufacturers—and said, "Gentlemen, you have heard the facts. The situation is desperate. Can you furnish us with so many hundred thousand dozen drills per month of this size and so many hundred thousand dozen of this size—" and so on, until the total climbed into no small portion of the country's combined drill production.

Our reply was, "We will"—and what's more, we *are* furnishing those drills, and we're proud of it. We're furnishing them because we believe that seventy drilled holes bound Berlinward and backed by a few pounds of high explosive will do you more good than seventy drilled holes in your shop. We're doing it because no American citizen could think of doing otherwise.

Are we to blame for your present difficulties, or no?

If time had permitted us to take a vote among our customers before putting our shoulder to the wheel, we believe that your unanimous demand would have been, "Give our Government drills. We will wait."

We worked on that basis and we must continue to so work. As one of our fellow manufacturers, The Waltham Watch Company, puts it—

"We trust you understand our desire to always serve the trade to the best of our ability, but we believe that your feeling of patriotism and your realization that in a crisis of this sort the Government wants should come first—in fact your sense of obligation to your country—will cause you to comment our action in unhesitatingly accepting orders from our Government and our Allies."

Until Victory and Peace join us in our struggle to make supply equal demand, we can only ask your patience and your endorsement of our action. We can only ask your help and your indulgence.

We want your business, but we want still more a continuance of Democracy. The danger of incurring your momentary displeasure is only part of "our bit" in this day of tremendous crisis.

We have told you the facts that you may guide your actions by them. On the smaller sizes, the drain of military necessity is almost beyond comprehension. *It cannot grow better until Peace comes.* Therefore let us urge as strongly and as earnestly as we know how that



No.
436



No.
444



No.
930



H. S.
Blacksmiths'
Drill



H. S.
Bonding
Drill



H. S.
Paragon
Forged
Drills
Hold
World's
Drilling



tity you need, we want you to know why. It is because *our Nation has got to have them.*

you *anticipate your future needs*—especially in the smaller sizes, for a very large per cent of the nation's output on the smaller sizes is now consumed by Government demands—*anticipate your future needs* by months—by many months.

Then let us know of these needs. We pledge you our best efforts to have them ready when you want them and in the quantity you want. But, if the drills aren't there when you need them, or in the quan-

know why. It is because *our Nation has*

GET ATHENS ON THE WIRE—QUICK

AFTER our "Fighting Industry" issue of September, we were firmly of the opinion that the whole world was thoroughly cognizant of the fundamental importance of the tool industry. Blinded by our own conviction and a half million or more (oh yes, all of that number) congratulatory letters from our readers, our chest swelled visibly, our hide became taut like a fiddle string, and we were priming ourselves for a niche alongside of George Washington and other Nation Savers, when our card house of conceit tumbled about our ears, leaving us flat and joyless. It came about in this manner —

We were sitting at our desk dictating our resignation in advance—that we might the more quickly answer the call of country—when the office boy (the fat one) waddled in bearing an envelope of heavy manila and a Washington post mark. Idly and regally we slit it up the back (we refer to the envelope and not the O. B.) suspecting all the time that it was our official appointment to replace some lack-luster luminary down in Washington. But we regret to report it was none of that.

On the contrary, it was a notice that the Greek Government had placed an airtight embargo—prohibiting export—upon an imposing total of some two hundred items. As the list inclosed was not arranged alphabetically,

it was necessary to run our eye down the formidable column arrangement in order to corner the two which interested us most—the two upon which the creation of practically every war-time need is dependent. We refer to *tools* and more particularly to *drills*.

So down the list our optics galloped. Down through "projectiles" and "arms," both artificial and natural, we romped, secure in our faith in the ultimate outcome, for certainly after September "Drill Chips" (loud applause) it was totally inconceivable that even the Greek Government could ignore the fundamental importance of tools. On through endless columns of metals with awe-inspiring names; through oils, and wools, tin, castor oil and leathers—both dressed and in the nude—on through bones, cork, bladders, sausage skins and tobacco we raced. But still no sign of "tools."

We began to get just the least bit worried. But in the fifth column things began to look a trifle brighter, for there was the word "lathes" and certainly if the Greek Government embargoed lathes, they would likewise embargo the tools for the lathes and possibly other tools as well? Yes, sure enough, at the tail end of the sixth column was the coy little word "tools." We heaved a sigh of relief and then read the little note immediately following the word "tools." 'Twas then that we bit the bitter dust of disappointment. That note read, "Tools and apparatus *exclusively* designed for the manufacture of munitions, the repair of arms, of war materials designed for the Army and Navy."

Observe, gentle reader, that clever little word, "*exclusively*." Will some one holding a key to the Scriptures and a lease on the world's accumulated knowledge kindly advise me what tools are used *exclusively* in the manufacture of munitions? There *may* be such rare and exclusive tools for aught I know, but what an infinitesimal percentage of all tools they must be!

Ye gods, after we labored mightily to convince the firmament of the fundamentalness of tools, Greece goes and crabs our act by an overdose of conservatism. To embargo only such tools as are used exclusively in the manufacture of munitions is akin to prohibiting



No.
444



No.
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H. S.
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the export of all liquors excepting wine, beer, whisky and other cheer producers made from malt, barley, hops, corn or other grains or extracts therefrom. To prohibit the export of only such tools as are exclusively munition tools is to prohibit the export of practically *no tools at all*, for what tools can truly be said to be *exclusively* munition tools and where would these exclusive tools be (granting there are such), if they were shorn of the helping hand of non-exclusive munition making tools?

Will some kind soul endowed with a calmer and less belligerent disposition kindly get Greece's Vice Chancelor of the Privy Council (or whatever title he labors under)—on the 'phone and inform him that he has locked the windows but left the door wide open. Inform him that before he can have his shells his submarines, his rifles and ammunitions, he must have hundreds of tools none of which are used *exclusively* in the manufacture of munitions. You might elucidate at the same time that the percentage of tools used exclusively in the manufacture of munitions is about as great as the percentage of parsons at a Brewery Picnic. And furthermore, while you have him on the wire, point out that these same exclusive and highbrow tools are utterly useless without many other humble tools, none of which are exclusively munition bred, and hence not protected by his embargo.

Why Greece should wax so stingy of sausage skins and castor oil, while still permitting the export of the vast bulk of her national tool supply, is a mystery on a par with the Sphinx, a woman driving an automobile, and the reason that impels a chicken to cross the road. (Athens papers please copy.)



IT'S NO JOSH EITHER

"In the long run we have less to fear from foes without than from foes within; for the former will be formidable only as the latter break our strength."

—Theodore Roosevelt

YE EDITOR'S WHEEZY CHAIR

EVERY really professional editor is now engaged in securing re-subscriptions from the unwilling hands of his readers. This he does by succulent and seductive sketches of the rapturous joys soon to be

contained within the covers of his pet publication. If these editorial promises for the forthcoming year are to be accepted at their face value, it becomes obvious that to do otherwise than renew your expiring subscription would be the dizzy heights of foolishness.

But we—being above such common methods—refuse to sketch rosy pictures of the marvelous articles which will shortly grace our pages. We have a number of very good reasons for refusing to thus get hilarious over ourselves. One of these reasons is that we're married. Another is that we have no more idea what we'll write about in January than have you. Of course we will continue to write about sixteen pages as long as the firm and the selective service act will permit. But other than that our mind is a blank.

We will admit, however, that we have a number of crackin' good articles on what will happen after the war. Everyone of these masterpieces conclusively proves a wholly different probability. By acting on all our suggestions the reader is assured of either a sudden stroke of apoplexy or a safe conduct through the mazes of postbellum merchandising.

Likewise, since Roosevelt has lost his batting eye, it is highly probable that it will be our lot to save the nation a number of times within the next twelve months. This we will do with our accustomed thoroughness. It is to be expected likewise that Congress, the law of gravitation and similar annoying subjects will require attention. As long as the supply of ink holds out we purpose to give it to them.

Hence you can easily see that 'twould be fatal to discontinue your subscription. But aside from all that you had best keep reading Drill Chips, because the only way you can get off our mailing list is to die, and even then we'll be glad to send it if you will kindly furnish forwarding address. Yes, obviously you are foredoomed to the perusal of our prattlings throughout another year. You cannot escape. We realize it, and therefore we offer you our sincere sympathy at your unfortunate and unescapable dilemma.

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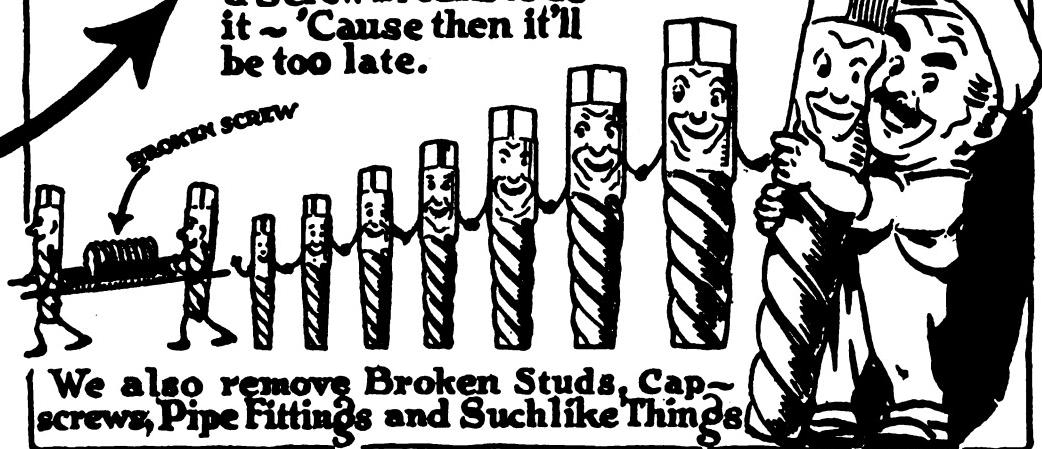


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